

Emily Gillmore Alden



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As was  
"Rosemary for Remembrance"

so are  
"PANSIES FOR THOUGHTS"

Therefore  
LOVE NOTES  
In Many Keys



CLASS POEMS  
ALUMNÆ  
MEMORIALS  
MONTICELLO SPECIALS  
RAMBLERS  
PERSONALS (INTIME)



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Surrendered for publication  
upon gracious demand of those for whom  
they were tenderly written.





DEDICATED

To each and every Monticello student  
who cares to croon them over,  
not so much for any merit that in them lies as  
in memory of Her  
for whom Rosemary was written.  
The Queen Woman who ever inspired my thought  
and guided my pen.

*Emily Gillmore Alden*



## Class Poems



1868

HASKELL

Softly from the summer's censer, steals the incense of the  
flowers,  
Freshly fills each petaled chalice, with the silver drip of  
showers;  
And the lakes, like polished glasses, fleecy, soft, cloud  
pictures hold,  
While the brooks still babble gladly, till their tiny tales  
are told.

Shade and sunshine checker patterns on the broad and  
glist'ning leaves,  
And the grain is nodding heavy, toward its bundling  
into sheaves,  
And the rippling forest-music, with the heavier rhythm  
of sea,  
Will repeat its grand "Te Deum" thro' all time that  
is to be.

June puts on her regal raiment: as her bridegroom  
stands the sun,  
Now they blend their many mysteries into miracle  
of one.  
As the rod of their enchantments stretching o'er the  
patient earth,  
Makes the marriage, sweet fore-runner of the summer's  
royal birth.



One among us would have chanted here to-day their  
wedding song,  
But her life has lost its music, and her summer days are  
long;  
That which might have been a paeon, is a sob beneath  
her breast,  
And the pen has dropped from fingers, which a dying  
mother pressed.\*

So we learn that lives are darkened, tho' the Junes are  
in them still,  
Youth hath no attendant angel, that can guard its steps  
from ill;  
Sorrow touches freshest faces, doth not wait for hoary  
hair,  
But doth set its saddest signet on the foreheads of the fair.

So thro' all this warmth and music, still doth fall a  
minor note;  
Still from scarlet lips it droppeth, still it swelleth in the  
throat;  
Earth hath not a scene of beauty, which can weave so  
close a spell,  
That is its enchanted circle there shall never sound—  
farewell.

But we take the sad conditions of our being, here below,  
And we turn to sacred meaning all its secrets, as we go,  
Clasping hands and quivering eyelids are the tokens  
that we give,  
That this lower world is blessed: that 'tis holy work  
to live.

\*Mrs. Augusta French Wicker.

So let hearts be troubled never; neither let them be  
afraid,  
Jesus set this sweet commandment 'mid the golden  
rules He made,  
From the East this echo falleth into chime of song  
to-day,  
And this clasp of consolation fastens, as we softly say,—

List, Sandalphon, deathless angel of the mediaeval lore,  
As thou'rt wont to list the praying of all hearts with  
losses sore,  
And as runs the Rabbie's story, turn our prayers to  
garlands bright  
As thou standest on the ladder which hath rounds of  
quiv'ring light.

Whereso'er our paths may lead us, wheresoe'er our lines  
may fall,  
Into sad or sunny places, be the dear Christ over all;  
Then come June with amber sunsets, or November's  
leaden days,  
Still it shall be golden weather in the heart that throbs  
His praise.

Therefore, Seniors! lamentation shall not sound in  
parting psalm.  
Coming years shall lead us victors bearing in our hands  
the palm,  
And Sandalphon, waiting angel, hearing now both hymn  
and prayer,  
Shall the "red and purple garlands" to our pure  
Redeemer bear.



And when we shall walk the city clad in our celestial  
white,  
Not a robe shall be of sable, not as hadow forecast night;  
But the June shall be enduring, and the amaranth shall  
flower;  
Just a glimpse of *that fruition* catch we at *this* parting  
hour.

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1869

DAPHNE

NUNC EST PARENDUM  
AD DEUM HONORANDUM.

Nature hath the sweetest secrets  
And the saddest ones as well,  
Human lives have many riddles  
Which no human tongues can tell.  
Human hearts are puzzled sorely  
And our eyes are dim with tears;  
Human loves, and fears and hatreds  
Tangle in the loom of years.

Beauty dwells in sheltered places,  
Pearls are shut in creamy shells,  
Violets nestle in the grasses,  
Daisies in the shady dells;  
Dying swans, 'tis said, sing sweetest—  
Tiny larks the highest soar,  
Nightingales most liquid music  
At the hush of midnight pour.

Little children lose their mothers—  
Lovers often never wed—  
And the saddest words we utter  
Are the ones the soonest said.  
Prayers grow plaintive in the twilight,  
When we doubt what we may say,  
So we wrestle with the angel  
Till the breaking of the day.

Then we ask in quiet wonder,  
Who'll interpret things like these?  
Is there here no answering sibyl  
Who will set our hearts at ease?  
While we ponder worn and weary,  
Memory fastens golden loops  
Round the saying of the Saviour  
When the mothers came in troops,—

“Suffer them,” for in my Kingdom  
Lowliest ones shall draw anear,  
I have made no thing so trivial  
But its mission shall be clear;  
Nor shall ye be puzzled always,  
Nature hath transparent plan,  
And there is consistent purpose  
In the destiny of man.

Willows droop o'er running rivers—  
Poppies nod in scarlet lines,  
Ferns are dainty in the thickets,  
Swallows mate in mountain pines;



And may our diverging pathways  
Tend toward the heavenly gates;  
Twelve there are, of pearl translucent,  
And at each an Angel waits;  
What we lose in this departure  
We shall gain beyond the sun;  
And be taught, tho' love is heaven,  
Heaven is on this earth begun.

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1870

### OPERARIA

EST NON AGENDUM HIC LACRIMIS SED FERRO.

A Paradise lost, and the lovers of yore  
By four opal rivers may tarry no more;  
An azure-hued helmet unbuckles in sky,  
And Michael, Archangel majestic, draws nigh.

Their sorrowful faces they turn to the west  
As Michael announces Jehovah's behest;  
They only saw stone at the sepulcher laid,  
And knew not of Easter sweet pledge he had made.

An angel avenging before them he flamed—  
They followed his footsteps abashed and ashamed.  
Not tears, but a sword keenly tempered and bare  
Drove outward from Eden this penitent pair.

Then glistening blade of the Cherubim drops  
At gate of the East, but no melody stops;  
The linnets go gossiping on to their mates  
Their musical secrets of marital states.

To insects, the flowers are yet castles of ease—  
This Eden of old is not lost to the bees;  
The roses all know in their fresh crimson hearts  
They're rifled of sweets by these masters of arts.

The butterflies flutter their soft velvet wings;  
The web in the sunshine all silvery swings;  
The passion flower blossoms, vines sway in the air,  
Fruits ripen and fall—and still Eden is fair.

The stars sweep their courses in clustering troop,  
While delicate bells of the crocuses droop;  
The swans through the shadows glide stately and white,  
But Gabriel no longer keeps watch thro' the night.

The gums and the balms of the odorous trees  
Sweep perfume of incense to spicen the breeze:  
For beauty remains in this Paradise spread,  
Save only the coveted apple of red.

Ithuriel and Zephon no more shall be seen,  
Nor Uriel descending in radiant sheen;  
The man and the woman, their tenderest care,  
No longer inhabit this Paradise rare.

To mortal this tale is not utterly sad;  
It consecrates work when the toilers are glad.  
A Paradise lost is a Paradise found,  
And land that we till is delectable ground.

The scythe of the summer gleams low in the grass,  
But clover flings up its sweet breath as we pass;  
Thrust sickles of silver in billows of gold,  
The chant of the harvest shall never seem old.



For sowers in tears are the reapers in joy;  
Redeemers are troubles that vex and annoy.  
Our graves shall grow green and the dead shall arise—  
The vision of John makes us royally wise.

With sword, not with tears, we will work for the King—  
All echoes of labor melodious ring—  
Operaria christened, we toil to the end—  
The lost and the found in Christ's Calvary blend.

And when we pass out through the ebony gates,  
Where Azrael, their keeper, so silently waits,  
We fear not his sword, neither shed we a tear,  
But catch the new songs of a Paradise near.

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1871

## URANIA

ITUR AD ASTRA UBI RECTOR NOBIS.

Toward the stars the Alpine mountains lift their opal  
peaks in air,  
Piercing Heaven with crystal turrets of an architecture  
rare,  
King of Kings the solemn Jungfrau lifts on high imperial  
crest,  
Folding cloud as regal raiment lightly o'er his granite  
breast.

Toward the stars the chimes fling music from their  
swinging, brazen bells,  
And they make melodious message of their ringing  
parallels,

Toward the stars the flames were curling, when the  
martyrs stood at stake,  
And that way, the incense wafteth, when the Lord our  
gift doth take.

Toward the stars the singing skylarks cleave their swift  
and steady ways,  
And the pigeons skim in azure, through the bright and  
pleasant days.  
Near the sun the royal eagle sweeps his wing through  
sapphire mist,  
Sailing on his broad, strong pinions, through soft clouds  
of amethyst.

Toward the stars the old Chaldeans turned their sad and  
earnest eyes  
Spelling out a golden gospel, from the beauty of the  
skies.  
Later still Judean shepherds, who kept watch of flocks by  
night,  
Read a new and sweet evangel from that alphabet of  
light.

'Neath the stars the palm tree proudly tosses broad and  
glistening leaves  
And the pine tree casteth shadows—tares and wheat are  
bound in sheaves.  
Graceful ferns are feathered finely; river banks are  
fringed with reeds;  
Dew-drops gather on the gentians; also on the coarsest  
weeds.



Toward the stars Urania walketh, and the way tho'  
seeming long  
May be made a march of triumph, by some notes of  
holy song.  
Birds are vocal in the valleys, shall a ransomed soul be  
dumb?  
Life is not a weaver's shuttle, when we weave for life to  
come.

Toward the stars, for God will help us, tho' we do not  
understand—  
He doth place the children closest to the seats on His  
right hand.  
Youth is ever near to Heaven, since the love that Christ  
expressed  
For the babes in Scripture story, whom He folded to  
His breast.

Toward the stars, Urania harken! Christ beyond is on  
His throne,  
We shall never be so hoary that His love shall be  
outgrown.  
We shall ever be so feeble as to need a Saviour's  
strength,  
May we reach celestial mansions, may we overcome at  
length.

Toward the stars, and toward the angel, standing in the  
burning sun,  
We have turned our youthful faces for the life but late  
begun,

Shall we mount on wings as eagles? shall we run and  
not be faint?  
Shall each one of us, Urania, grow thro' coming years  
a saint?

'Neath the stars, the Lord be praised, that we always  
may command  
All the wealth, and all the beauty, that He putteth in  
the hand,  
Meagre speech becomes divinest, when we smite the  
breast and say,  
God be merciful to sinners, teach thou them to kneel  
and pray—

Father in the highest Heaven, hallowed still shall be  
Thy name  
As we wait Thy coming Kingdom: so Thy will be  
done the same  
On the Earth, as in 'the Heavens, still our daily bread  
do give,  
As we pardon faults, Beloved, do Thou thus our sins  
forgive.

Lead us not to sore temptations; from all ills let us be  
free;  
All the Kingdom, Power and Glory, we shall then  
ascribe to Thee.  
Like Thy angels ever—ever may we trust, nor doubt  
again,  
Now, Urania, in this presence, speaks her sad and  
last, Amen!



1872

AURARIA

"SUNT AURI PONDERA FACTI INFECTIQUE MIHI."

Title to a globe of gold,  
If the title they could hold,  
Once was dower of bridal pair,  
Sealed to their united care.  
And this sphere of gorgeous gold  
Was the wedding gift of old;  
Having been most fairly wrought  
From the depth of tender thought.  
All was traced by Art divine;  
Paradise, the type and sign,  
That the rounded earth should still  
Hang on man's unfettered will,  
If he kept his broad estate—  
And would be content to wait  
For the golden apple fair,  
Which forbidden, seemed so rare.  
But, he wrought beyond his ken;  
So it comes, that sons of men  
Covet what they may not touch.  
Not at ease, and yearning much  
For some *other* glint of gold  
Which their neighbors chance to hold.  
Only ours, is ours to use;  
Strange it is that we refuse—  
From our store, that unwrought lies,  
To strike out some dainty dies.  
Thus this precious life is marred;

Every soul is on its guard,  
Fearing lest the worst befall  
From the sin which curses all.  
To all young and watchful eyes  
*Nature* grows a strange surprise;  
Treasures just elude our touch,  
When we're seeking after such.  
Pearls, which divers never clasp;  
Hidden gems, that none may grasp,  
Flowers that bud, and bloom, and die;  
And no human creature by.  
*Life* becomes a mystery sad,  
When we learn how few are glad;  
Know 'tis sometimes softly said,  
Sweetest sleepers—are the dead.  
But we murmur over much;  
Neither can it be for such,  
God has worked creation's gold  
Into patterns manifold,  
With a handiwork so fine,  
Shown in each exquisite line.  
He himself pronounced it "good,"  
As the earth in order stood  
When the six days task was done,  
And the hallowed time begun.  
Then he called the darkness, Night;  
Day was christened, "Queen of Light,"  
For she raises golden bars,  
While the night leads out the stars:  
Sunshine gilds the tossing seas,  
Ripens roses for the bees,  
Dances through the silver rain,



Burnishes the waving grain.  
Moonlight glistens on the leaves,  
Sets in gold the bundled sheaves,  
Dimples in the rippling wave,  
Glances o'er cathedral nave.  
Cloud, and sun, and wind, and rain,  
Bring the goldyllocks again;  
Set pomegranates on the trees,  
Spread wild clover o'er the leas,  
Heap the hay in fragrant mows,  
Hang the fruit on Autumn boughs,  
Drive the leaves in scarlet showers,  
Brim with gold October hours.  
Not the smallest cloudlets rest  
On the background of the West,  
But are traced with supplest skill,  
By decree of Heavenly will.  
Not a robin's song is heard;  
Not a rustling reed is stirred;  
Not a stately ship floats far  
O'er the sandy harbor bar;  
Not from out the gates of gold  
Came angelic forms of old.  
Never children sweet are born,  
Morning stars ne'er chant at dawn,  
But the God Who loved us all,  
Coined salvation from the fall,  
Builded all the cloudy towers  
Of the holy evening hours;  
Taught the song, and stirred the reed,  
Stilled the sea in time of need,  
Opened wide his gates of gold,

Called angelic names of old;  
Bade the mothers calm their fears,  
Led the chorus of the spheres.

Therefore doth Auraria stand,  
In a broad enchanted land.  
Gold is wrought in rich design;  
All the earth its precious mine,  
Having much to hold and keep,  
She must work, not wait to weep  
In these sweet memorial days.  
Turning towards divided ways,  
Shall she dare to look behind?  
Others shall more laurels bind;  
Will she dare to look before?  
Estimate her unworked store;  
Mark past gains, and count the cost  
Of the laurels she has lost?

Yet Auraria—fresh and young—  
Many would remain unsung;  
Few would win a swift renown,  
If we set their failures down.  
So take heart at what you've wrought,  
Seize the promise, what you've sought;  
You some day shall surely find,  
And immortal laurels bind.  
Let no gold remain unchased,  
While you make unblessed haste;  
Coveting your neighbor's share,  
Growing poorer unaware.



Work your gold by golden law,  
Then your pattern folds no flaw;  
And at last when all is o'er,  
And you pass from earthly shore,  
When you tread the crystal sea,  
Blessed shall your welcome be—  
"You have wrought pure gold for Me,  
I've a golden crown for thee."

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1873

## IRIS

IN RIGHT IS STRENGTH.

The world is old, the sages say, but while the race was  
young,  
Before in hazy atmosphere cathedral chimes were rung,  
The tale that doth so oft repeat was phrased in Eden's  
pain,  
And God's blue heaven was shrouded black in garments  
of the rain.

The drama of a drowning earth held heaven in wrapt  
amaze,  
Till God become Interpreter of His mysterious ways;  
But when He wedded faith to sight by cov'nant of the  
Bow;  
Then love became immaculate and hallowed mortal woe.

And tho' the miracle of life we never understand,  
And death makes sadder mystery, with graves on either  
hand;

Tho' love is bowed with heaviness, and crowned with  
asphodel,  
And what we suffer in the flesh no mortal tongue can  
tell;

Tho' human life but feeds on death, tho' love but  
forecasts pain,  
Still from the "Holy Grail" we hear, no tears are spilled  
in vain;  
Immortal life is born of death, and love doth soften loss  
As ragged seams of rugged rocks are hid by velvet moss.

For every baffling problem put a safe solution waits,  
And God's sweet love is arbiter of our disastrous fates;  
There are no missing harmonies in the Eternal chords,  
He keepeth souls in "perfect peace" that count them-  
selves the Lord's.

Perplexities transparent are, and all the tangle tones  
Of God's decrees grow musical tho' blent with human  
moans;  
The true seems false, the false seems true, until we  
comprehend  
That God redeems His Israel from aught that can offend.

And Right, a patient angel, stands, beside the scaffold  
stair,  
She calls the saints by chosen names who robes of sack-  
cloth wear;  
While Wrong is sceptered, crowned and throned in  
pomp of royal state,  
And notes not that the beggar waits without the palace  
gate.



But where the rainbow girds the throne with hands of  
emerald light,  
In lands where prayer is turned to praise, and faith  
becometh sight;  
We there shall learn beatitudes won more than human  
might,  
That God is pleased with sacrifice, and strength is in the  
right.

And as we spend our fleeting years, we find their  
passage fraught  
With truths of such significance, which loving lips have  
taught;  
A "silver cord we loose" to-day, we "break a golden  
bowl,"  
But gardens of sweet spices lie beyond this sunny goal.

And gifts of gold and frankincense would we could  
bring to-day,  
To show how pure has been our love before we turn  
away—  
But Monticello needs not such; our Alma Mater fair  
Shall "feed among the lilies" still, and count her jewels  
rare.

And now our last brave words are said; we know that  
never more  
Our lines shall trace in parallels, beyond this swinging  
door—  
Oh! strange and sad it seems to-day that our school life  
is done!  
But we shall meet, to part no more, where Iris weds the  
Sun.

1874

## EULALIA

EACH GOLDEN WORD IS GOD'S, NOT OURS.

In words that are "silvern," the poets declare  
That "silence is golden" because it is rare,  
But earth is God's temple; so silence finds voice,  
As pure as the poets, with which to rejoice.

Much thought is unspoken, and baffles our powers,  
Such findeth no utterance in accents of ours;  
The bush that was "burning," flamed message divine,  
The sphinx holds a riddle, and giveth no sign.

By banners of scarlet that trail in the west  
The creed of earth's beauty is nightly confest;  
God's splendors interpret in crocus or palm  
As well as in measures of pæan or psalm.

The robins sing secrets on graves in the grass;  
The roses nod slily to breezes that pass;  
In throats of the birds, and the hearts of the flowers  
There may be expression as mellow as ours.

The "stars in their courses," the herbs of the sod,  
The firmament telleth the glory of God,  
"Deep calleth to deep," and the majesty pours  
A tumult of echoes on answering shores.

The evening weds morning baptizing the light;  
The winds smite their lyres in the stillness of night;  
The trumpets of storm with their truculent blare  
Call legions of voices, that hurtle in air.



A fresh Aurora hides the stars,  
But hides seraphic sign;  
The golden choir together sing  
In symphonies divine.  
The "sons of God" in chorus shout  
With "music of the spheres,"  
A ransomed race need look no more  
Thro' silver mists of tears.

Day holdeth arched and azure heavens,  
But "Souls have inner lights,"  
And they who walk in lowliest paths  
Still stand upon the heights.  
There is no speech, nor language known  
In all the ends of earth,  
That tells a tale so strangely sweet  
As that of Bethlehem birth.

The sunbeams send electric calls  
Thro' palpitating air;  
Each morning's rosy aureole  
Doth blessed promise bear.  
Life's splendid chances all are ours,  
We win, or lose, at will  
The destiny of each awaits  
His freedom, to fulfill.

And thus are born those lucid days  
Which lucid deeds may bear;  
Elected Kings are set apart,  
Who unseen crowns may wear.

Prerogative of man's estate,  
Is now more precious far,  
Than loves of loftiest seraphim,  
Or rights of angels are.

For this, 'tis joy to be alive,  
But rapture to be young,  
Tho' much sublimest action may  
Thro' time, remain unsung;  
Still, in those records fair and fine,  
Kept by a diamond pen,  
Each mortal life is truly sphered  
Within angelic ken.

Aurora! namesake of the dawn!  
In thy fair might arise;  
And toward the grand eternal hills  
Lift clear and steadfast eyes.  
For Earthly days, and mortal deeds,  
Shall need no transcript soon,  
Terrestrial morn is prophetess  
Of high celestial noon.



1876  
CENTESIMA

SEACULUM OB ANIMOS PRAECLAROS CONCENTUS SONAT.

(The century strikes chimes because of noble souls.)

Columbia—Heir of souls!  
What legacy like thine?  
Thy title deeds map heritage  
Beyond mere bound'ry line.  
Thou holdest not a queen's proud state  
Nor claimest royal ken,  
But noble deeds have made thee great—  
A hundred years are consecrate:  
Strike! Strike ye chimes  
Because of gallant men!

Why this electric thrill  
From mountain pine to plain,  
From silver edge to silver edge  
Of ocean's azure main?  
Our "year of jubilee" we write,  
Our "colors" cut the air,  
Our scroll unrolls in human sight,  
Its characters flash back the light;  
Let clam'rous guns  
Proclaim Columbia fair!

The Orient brings her "gifts,  
Gold, frankincense and myrrh,"  
The old world clasps the young world's hand  
And proud emotions stir.

Brazil bears diamonds to our shores,  
But freedom is our pearl;  
We boast not of our golden ores,  
Nor shut us in by palace doors—  
Let banners wave  
Tho' not for duke or earl.

*Such* life brings back the dead;  
We call a sacred roll,  
No regal robe or coronet  
Insures a high born soul.  
Our honest men shun secret fees,  
And scorn to shield the wrong;  
And martyrs shape such destinies  
As arabesque the centuries.  
Let freemen shout  
For truth is always strong.

We catch a warning note;  
But right is sovereign king;  
We drop all "miserere" out,  
When anthems called to sing.  
In this glad hour of high estate  
We trust heroic race:  
And know, with God, 'tis ne'er too late,  
To sanctify an adverse fate:  
Let trumpets sound—  
The Sphinx wears placid face.

As namesake of the year,  
Centesima! be true!  
Your sandals press old battle grounds  
On which stained daisies grew.



We moan not, when a hero dies,  
But strike the timbrel sweet;  
The earth's revered wherein he lies,  
Columbia for a Miriam cries;—  
But ere such song,  
Wait tread of woman's feet—

Which follow funeral train  
At sadly stagg'ring pace,  
For there's no woe in muffled drums  
Like that in woman's face.  
Yet faith so silvers sable pall  
And dedicates a grave;  
She sounds herself the bugle call,  
And hugs the fate that must befall;  
Her tears baptize  
The sword of every brave.

Centesima! be pure!  
'Tis girlhood's sweetest right;  
You hold immortal privilege  
In this aesthetic might.  
Fair Beatrice wins Dante, fame,  
She, "Paradiso" shows,  
No music in young Romeo's name  
Till Juliet repeats the same—  
What love hath wrought  
The world but dimly knows.

Oh years! that strike your chimes!  
Oh souls! that pass to heaven!  
Oh deeds! that win immortal fame,  
Because of sacred leaven!

Fair issues weave from tangled fates,  
For *God* commands the loom,  
And angels scan our earthly dates  
To cast celestial estimates.  
Columbia! Hail!  
Thine aloe is in bloom!

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1877**BENEDICTA**

QUAEQUE SIBI SPES.  
(Each one a hope to herself.)

When the earth was fresh and young  
Moses taught and Miriam sung;  
Hebrew lore not more complete  
Than was maiden's timbrel sweet.  
Thro' Jehovah's sacred name,  
Aaron spake with tongue of flame;  
Ephod blue, with golden bell  
Not more rev'rence did compel  
By its curious girdle wrought,  
And its onyx signets fraught—  
With twelve names so long to tell  
Of the tribes of Israel—  
Than the grand victorious strain  
Of the Jewish girl's refrain,  
Epitaph for Egypt slain  
Quitting Baal-zephon's plain.  
Breast-plate scarlet, purple, gold,  
Did most cunning work enfold;



Emerald, sapphire, diamond fine—  
Jasper, topaz, beryl—shine—  
And this four-square breast-plate rare  
Did the Lord's anointed wear.

But again, fierce foes surround;  
Israel to Jabin bound;  
Sisera leads the Gentile host  
From the Canaanitish coast!  
Deb'rah hears their chariots roll  
And an anthem stirs her soul.  
Mercy seat with cherubim  
Speaks a hope in Ephraim.  
Barak cries, if Deb'rah go  
I will dare impending woe,  
But if she refuse the test  
I accord with her behest.  
Deb'rah rose and Kedesh sought,  
Bearing one majestic thought,  
Woman's hand shall strike the blow  
Which shall lay proud Sisera low.

Holy crown of metal fine  
Graved with grand Hebraic line;  
Mitre for the priestly head  
Supplicate in Israel's stead  
Still was worn with saintly grace  
In the consecrated place.  
Yet, of prophetess was need  
Who should do a valiant deed;  
Once again a lyric soars  
And a flood of music pours

On the banks of Kishon's stream,  
Wild'ring as enchanted dream.  
Deb'rah sings of "stars in course,"  
Rivers sweeping from their source;  
Noise of archers, strife of kings,  
Jeopardy that battle brings;  
Triumph won by edge of sword  
Drawn by servants of the Lord.

\* \* \* \* \*

And thro' time such tale repeats  
As the Scripture story meets,  
Earnest eyes that scan the rune,  
Open ears that catch the tune.  
Vashti lays aside the crown  
Spite Ahasuerus' frown—  
Esther fasts in Shushan's halls,  
Her, no fear of death appalls;  
Dauntless spirit that she bears  
'Neath a load of royal cares.  
"If I perish, let it be:  
Jews, I give myself for thee!"  
Later on—a virgin sighs,  
Droops her sad and troubled eyes,  
Gabriel calls, a clear "All hail!"  
To this woman, pure, and pale;  
And she chants the sweetest note  
Ever born in human throat.  
Bethlehem enshrines a King  
Let the herald angels sing  
"Peace on earth—good will to men,"  
Benediction yet again!



And the sweet beatitudes  
 Reconcile our mortal feuds.  
 Poor in spirit, mourners sad,  
 Yet shall still be sometime glad;  
 Meek ones shall inherit earth—  
 Such are heirs of heavenly birth,  
 Those who hunger and who thirst  
 Shall be filled with Christ the first,  
 And the merciful are blest,  
 Pure in heart shall find the rest  
 Of the chosen saints of God,  
 Who have passed beneath the rod.  
 They who make for peace bear name  
 Far transcending earthly fame;  
 And the persecuted stand  
 Next in heaven to God's right hand.  
 So to each, a hope remains—  
 None so poor but heavenly gains  
 Count as jewels, in the scrolls  
 Azrael holds of human souls.  
 Each can make her hope secure  
 Holding virtue—lovely—pure—  
 But each finger clasps a key  
 Of a private sacristy.  
 Each herself a fate enfolds;  
 This, fair Benedicta sees,  
 Praying, "Quaeque sibi spes!"

1878

## ISIS

IN SERVICE IS SALVATION.

Hail Isis! strange Egyptian,  
 Minerva of the Greek;  
 The Venus of Isle Cyprus,  
 Whom lovers always seek;  
 Fair Cybele of Phrygia,  
 Sicilia's Proserpine,  
 The Ceres of Eleusis  
 At rude and mystic Shrine.

Bellona of the Romans,  
 Diana known in Crete.  
 Madonna of Egyptians,  
 We *thus* this Goddess greet.  
 Imported to Italia,  
 All artists held her Saint  
 With Horus babe beloved  
 Whom they essayed to paint.

Devoutly interceding  
 She saves each suppliant one,  
 From vengeance of Osiris,  
 Who represents the Sun,  
 She holds the blessed infant  
 In strong maternal arms,  
 As did diviner woman  
 Amid Judean palms.



She clasps the Snowy Lotus  
Which turns to velvet red,  
And then to blue cerulean  
O'er Nile's enchanted bed;  
Which sculptors of the Pharo's  
Preserved in chiseled line,  
Then carved the stately blossoms  
In statuesque design.

Round colonnades of temples  
They twine its marble blooms,  
Which fade not with the Summers,  
Like florist's feath'ry plumes.  
'Tis ornament of Goddess,  
The pomp of flow'ring art;  
Forms delicate conceptions  
At mythologic heart.

And later on in story  
The Ptolemaic Queen,  
Would be a second Isis  
With such an emblem seen.  
Spite her imperial vices,  
She craves immortal fame,  
With Anthony voluptuous,  
Assumes the sacred name.

But sailing down the Cydnus,  
In barge "like burnished throne,"  
With oars of beaten silver,  
Whose like had ne'er been known;

With "boys like smiling Cupids,"  
And mermaids at command,  
Who held the "silken tackle"  
With touch of "flower-soft hand,"

Was not a saintly service—  
And tho' to orient pearl  
Her lover added kingdoms,  
O'er which she might unfurl  
Her banner of dominion,  
She still was ill at ease,  
And sought by some delusion  
Her censors to appease.

We know her royal wager  
And of the way 'twas won;  
That sesterces ten million  
Did count to her as none.  
That she was great when dying  
In robe and jeweled crown;  
She felt her old time longings  
And courted high renown.

But is this poet's fiction?  
Historian's gilded tale?  
To point pathetic moral  
Such romance cannot fail.  
We see no second Isis  
In "Serpent of the Nile,"  
We con the gorgeous falsehood,  
But wonder all the while.



For Isis' gen'rous bounty,  
And graciousness of mien,  
Her wealth of golden harvest  
That coming reapers glean,  
Gives promise for the future,  
Makes races understand  
The blessedness of giving  
With free and liberal hand.

In service is Salvation:  
So all the prophets teach;  
But few regard this gospel  
The purest man can reach;  
It sanctifies his living,  
Uplifts his creeds of speech,  
And writes a fair evangel  
No angel can impeach.

And Isis, *not* Egyptian,  
The Queen of modern times,  
The damsel of the present,  
Fair maid of Western climes,  
Will not, like Cleopatra,  
Be subtle, dazzling, bold—  
But bear in hand some blessing  
As Isis did of old.

1879  
BERENICE

VIVERE SAT VINCERE.  
(To conquer is to live enough.)

Of Queen Berenice enchantingly fair,  
And crowned in her beauty with radiant hair,  
An exquisite story in classic is told,  
Which loses no beauty because it is old.

To Venus the Goddess, in passionate prayer,  
She vowed consecration of tresses so rare,  
If the gods, in return, would King Ptolemy save,  
And restore him from battle yet knightly and brave.

The petition was granted, the gods were impressed  
With the womanly tact of the royal request;  
Was Juno, the jealous, so struck with amaze  
She grudged Berenice her merited praise?

For a dexterous "Rape of the Locks" was decreed;  
The King of Olympus was charged with the deed,  
And therefore, there flameth thro' ether on high  
A bright constellation in crystalline sky.

Tho' astronomers wonder, they set in their schemes,  
This glory and beauty of feminine dreams,  
And let the quaint legend run, dainty and rare,  
Of Queen Berenice's celestialized hair.

A "victory bringer" we crown her to-day!  
She pointeth moreover an excellent way  
To sacrifice self in another's behalf—  
Notwithstanding the cynic's incredulous laugh.



And conquerors are sometimes not human at all,  
For triumphs do challenge e'en Eden's sad fall;  
The Spring will forever her crocusses tuck  
'Mid fringes of frost-land, "presumptuous as Puck."

The Summer will never her regnancy yield,  
But holds blossoming sceptre o'er meadow and field;  
And Autumn the vineyard makes russet and brown,  
That the "Queen of the Harvest" may capture the crown.

But soon proclamation makes way for the King,  
And the carols of Christmas on brazen chimes ring,  
Each victor in season brings rapture in train,  
And the story repeats itself over again.

Some conflicts are sadder and sterner than these,  
'Mong mortals who battle in glorious ease,  
But the mightiest triumph that ever was won,  
Was when "Dragon of Death" was so swiftly undone.

"To conquer," say poets, "is living enough!"  
"Hail! Malcolm of Scotland!" cries valiant Macduff,  
And quitteth the contest the moment he saith,  
"Thy kingdom's a pearl—since the woe of Macbeth."

And victory bringers need not to be queens,  
Nor picture their honors in tapestried scenes,  
For christianized woman will gird *for* the fight  
Her dearest beloved, if the cause is but right.

So fair Berenice, with tresses unshorn,  
Feet shod with salvation and garments unworn,  
Remember petition as oft as ye pray,  
When raven and golden are turning to gray—

That ye may win vict'ry from sorrows well borne,  
When raiment is tattered and standards are torn;  
That blessings may rest on the heads that grow white,  
As sunset is dead'ning to sables of night.

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1880

DIONE

DEEDS INSPIRE OUR NOBLEST EVANGELS.

Dione, Queen! Thy fate unseen,  
What doth thy future hold? I ween  
Some blessed gift which shall uplift  
Thy soul from sordid, earthly rift.

A stone inwrought with sculptor's thought,  
Hath oft some dainty vision caught;  
A note of bird—a poet's word  
Hath many a sacred mem'ry stirred.

In this chill clime, the loves of time  
Are phrased in many a tender rhyme.  
But standing fast, earth's tempest past,  
Upon the rock we reach at last,  
We learn that thought, by sculptor taught,  
Or loves of time for which we've sought,  
That song of bird or poet's word  
Will not a queen for battle gird.

That mind amaze, or speech ablaze  
Will not explain the conflict's haze.  
Scant light we get on riddles met,  
Which thickeneth glooms of Olivet,



And sings in dirge of ocean surge  
That tosses toward horizon's verge.  
For rocks of jet must beacons set,  
As sunny seas are treach'rous yet.

But heaven afar, no "harbor bar,"  
Has placed a guard to "gates ajar,"  
No tempests ride the surface wide  
Of crystal wave with silver tide.

Meanwhile we trust, because we must  
Tho' human form return to dust.  
To cancel woes, Emmanuel rose  
And vanquished king of mortal foes.

So spite the guise of sin arise  
The plumed hopes of Paradise.  
Earth's lily bells and asphodels  
Bloom there the snowy immortelles.

Thus in the gaps of weird perhaps  
There falleth oft melodious lapse  
In which we seem as in a dream  
To so forecast celestial scheme,  
Evangels run beneath the sun,  
Epitomes of duty done:  
When Christ for us doth intercede,  
'Tis rhythm of deed for human need.

Such deed inspires seraphic lyres  
With anthem keyed for angel choirs;  
Thus while we live in desert land  
We look toward a shining strand.

Dione, saint! In pictures quaint  
Old masters did rare haloes paint.  
But happier fate! thy aureoles wait  
In lands beyond the golden gate.  
Where sable night ne'er crosses light  
Which streams athwart thy raiment white.  
Nor sin doth pall, nor discord fall  
Across the hallelujah call!

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1881

### AETHERIA

COELUM QUID QUAERIMUS ULTRA.

Aetheria! Daughter of the Sun!  
Thy pilgrimage but just begun  
All through thy earthly life may float,  
Lament for Paradise remote,  
Where crystal rivers shining tied  
Their liquid loops toward ocean wide,  
Where cherubim kept watch and ward  
In this fair garden of the Lord.

This life holds not one perfect hour;  
The petals drop from fading flower,  
Some sorrow broods o'er ev'ry soul,  
Few runners reach the distant goal;  
The human heart is worn and old;  
Its hope is dead, its love is cold;  
Long ere we pierce its thin disguise,  
Or light drifts out of dying eyes.



The grave which fresh we sod with care  
And decorate with blossoms rare;  
Too soon is sunk 'neath matted grass  
O'er which no ling'ring footsteps pass:  
Too soon is filled the vacant chair,  
And laid one side a lock of hair  
Is all that speaks the throbbing life  
Of mother, daughter, bridegroom, wife!

No Uriel now on sunbeam rides  
Nor Raphael on swift pinion glides  
With "loins and thighs of downy gold,"  
Nor shakes his plumes from snowy fold  
Through moonlight-sifted dusky ways,  
As in the fresh primeval days  
When Paradise, a pearl was cast  
On Asia's oriental past.

Is life worth living? Then we ask  
Does plaudit wait completed task?  
Is all so arabesqued with good  
As some day to be understood?  
We list—! and catch the soft replies  
Of azure blooms and dappled skies,  
And learn that yet a robin's song  
Will make some happy all day long.

Still dimpled seas and sapphire mist  
And velvet banks of amethyst,  
Make sunsets variegated blush,  
The signal of a sacred hush

That bids to prayer at eventide,  
While creeping shadows mystic glide;  
With call more clear than Islam sets  
Against her stately minarets.

Still sail the swans on silver tide,  
While Lotus dreams on bank beside,  
And nightingale imprisons note  
Of angel in its quivering throat.  
And spirits' secret flash their sign  
On human countenance divine,  
A mute Apocalypse and prayer,  
Which compensates our wan despair.

Eye doth not see, nor heart conceive  
Full glory of the blest reprieve;  
This melody of interspace,  
The beauty left in mortal face:  
The light that flooded Bethlehem's plain,  
The morning star's august refrain,  
The stone, by Angel rolled away  
On morning of the Easter Day.

The beautiful not all denied,  
E'en in this shadowed vale outside;  
Tho' troubles vex, and dreams may mock,  
Tempestuous surges swell and rock,  
Pathetic minors still intone  
Earth's hallelujahs triumph-blown;  
Yet, Paradise is part retained,  
And Paradise shall be regained.



Let warriors wear their nodding plumes,  
 And sword gleams smite the battle glooms;  
 Let pennon float and trumpet blare,  
 And terrors hurtle thro' the air;  
 This solemn pledge of perfect peace,  
 From wars and tumults brings release;  
 A temple waits, with opal spires,  
 Its anthems keyed by serried choirs.

Aetheria! Daughter of the Sun!  
 Long e'er thy pilgrimage be done,  
 May Paradise *within* thee bide;  
 What seek ye on the earth beside  
 The manna of celestial leaven?  
 For life is love, and love is Heaven,  
 Whose cyclic spheres about thee spin,  
 And thus, supernal splendors win.

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1882  
**ZOSTERIA**

(Girt for Battle.)  
 CROWNS COME LATE.

Minerva, the Roman! fair Pallas, the Greek!  
 The Phidian chisel carved ivory cheek:  
 Her signet right royal, stamped conflict or peace—  
 She summoned to battle, though saint of <sup>2</sup>release.

Her weapons not only the spear and the shield,  
 As springing from Tonans, she flashed on the field,—  
 'Twas she who invented the distaff and loom;  
 And keyed a flute's music 'gainst trumpet of doom.

Acropolis held her in Parthenon white  
 The goddess of terror, tho' goddess of light—  
 The ether her garment tho' Gorgon she wore;  
 And forehead majestic 'neath olive she bore.

Divinity dual! (There's thought in the scheme—  
 Philosophy's logic—a poet's fair dream—  
 What meaneth the legend—Olympus' conceit?)  
 We pause for a moment to sit at thy feet,

And phrase the old query, as old as the hills,  
 Which springs from the deserts, a cursed race tills;  
 Why is it disaster is mother of all?  
 That we were created, then suffered to fall?

That destiny double holds man in embrace—  
 Perplexes his spirit and furrows his face?  
 That fields must be scarlet, flags riddled and torn,  
 Ere banners of Vict'ry float white on the morn?

Minerva is silent! she's goddess no more—  
 Tho' priestess of secrets the ancients called lore;  
 Cuirass falleth from her, the olive leaf droops;  
 Her armies seem shadows of vanishing troops.

The ages roll onward! a star in the east!  
 What meaneth confusion of sibyl and priest?  
 The stars 'gin to whisper—a chant cleaves the morn,  
 And angels call softly that Jesus is born.

Again, a fresh transit from darkness to light—  
 By wonderful magic, blank blindness finds sight:  
 The stately Minerva—Madonna instead!  
 The heart of a woman for helmeted head.



The creeds of the present are born from the past,  
And horoscope futures with shadows o'ercast:  
We marry our *old* faiths to faiths that are *young*;  
An Epithalamium the ages have sung.

Minerva—Madonna! in mission of both  
To recognize wisdom shall mortals be loth?  
Nor trace the fair contour of heavenly plan  
Which worketh salvation, from follies of man?

Zosteria we're christened—we bless the old bonds  
That link us to prospect of purer beyonds:  
'Tis Pagan cognomen; 'Tis Christian as well—  
Who subtle connection 'tween races can tell?

We fear not a moment blue lightning of steel;  
We're girded for conflict, tho' rapid to feel  
The clash of *all* issues that force us to close  
With secret temptations, the shrewdest of foes.

\* \* \* \* \*

We pause in our pæan! One voice has dropped out.\*  
God help us! lest we in our weakness should doubt  
The love that has ordered our fates who pass on,  
Zosteria when numbered, lacks jewels by one.

And yet we remember, our loss is her gain—  
Redemption and saintship tone Easter refrain;  
The Lord has arisen! doubt conquers no more—  
The King sweeps wide open an opaline door,

\*Mary E. Boardman, died May, 1882.

Which needeth no fitting of crystalline key,  
Such glory celestial the dullest doth see  
When heaven anointeth earth's paralyzed eyes,  
And just for a little we pierce the blue skies—

To learn that refreshment is *after* the strife  
That angels are molding, developing life;  
That sooner, or later, God's promise is sure  
To all who through travail find strength to endure.

Most crowns come late;  
'Tis human fate  
To watch and wait  
The advent of some queenly state,  
The op'ning of some golden gate.  
When trailing gun  
Shows fighting done,  
And vict'ry won,  
E'en *then* the crown may be delayed,  
'Till wounds shall close, and ghosts be laid.

Some crowns come soon,  
Ere yet high noon!  
A special boon  
Of Heaven, to those selected souls  
Who speed right on, to early goals—  
Our darling dies!  
Did azure eyes  
Betray surprise  
At glimpses caught of Paradise?  
O, Holy Father, tender wise.



Our crowned saint  
Breathed forth no plaint;  
Did glories paint  
On heart and brain of this sweet friend?  
Did earth recede and heaven descend?  
Her life was pure,  
Her faith was sure,  
Her hope secure;  
As solitaire shallop outward sailed  
In its lone wake were splendors trailed?

Was't wrong to pray  
From day to day  
That some wise way  
The Lord would find to lend His own  
Till shadows were some longer grown?  
Till brow so fair  
Swept silver hair  
*Late* crown to wear?  
Till life could round to span complete  
And rest creep up to tired feet?

Petition vain!  
And thus again  
The smiting pain  
Of that pathetic silence falls  
Which gives no sign, and heeds no calls—  
Till clarion note  
From trumpet throat  
O'er graves shall float,  
When death shall drop his sable guise  
And anthems rock the curling skies.

1883  
SPERANZA

FAC ET SPERA.

Fair Pandora! Made in Heaven,  
Goddesses perfect her grace;  
Venus lends her beauty, even  
Subtle charm of woman's face,  
Dazzling mischief!  
Thorn-tiarad human race!

When her direful jar flew open—  
So doth old Greek fable run—  
Woe escaped, but Hope betokened  
That mankind was not undone,  
Hope immortal!  
First born Savior 'neath the sun!

Sweeter than such Pagan fables  
Is the gracious Christian scheme!  
Casting off these heathen sables  
Since the world it can redeem.  
Thus Speranza  
Hath salvation for her theme.

Hope is born from human anguish,  
Since was bruised the serpent's heel;  
Human hearts, howe'er they languish,  
Still are quick to know and feel  
Touch of Angel  
Bursting Death's imperial seal.



Hope is married to endeavor,  
Work accents our trust in God  
Tho' our vagrant fancies ever  
Cluster round magician's rod.

*Fac et spera*

Silvers every upturned sod.

Sunlight in the diamond quivers,  
Moonlight hides in pearls of sea;  
One is sought in sands of rivers,  
One a diver's quest must be.  
Paltry jewels,  
To hold human fates in fee.

Hope and labor far out-measure  
Values of these lustrous gems;  
Trusting heart is truer treasure  
Than the flash of diadems,  
Tho' they queen it  
From the Indies unto Thames.

Courage mounteth to occasion,  
And each crisis finds its man!  
Heroes battle foes invasion,  
Ever since this world began.  
Act electric,  
Always tardy thought outran.

Youth will dare all high adventure  
As Hope beckons to the van;  
Keeps with her its sure indenture,  
Shaping of audacious plan.  
Captures morning!  
Ere it doth horizon scan.

*Age* is charier of expression,  
Keys its speech in undertone;  
Knows that woe pursues transgression,  
With a vengeance of its own.  
Prays at evening,  
Having swept horizon's zone.

But *Speranza fronts* perspective  
Of the years that wait beyond;  
Feels the thrill of choice elective  
Stronger than enchanter's wand.  
Bursts her fetter  
Tho' a smooth and silken bond;

*Lists* the old bewitching story  
Of the trust in lover's eyes;  
Borrowing its roeseate glory  
From the Orient's splendid skies!  
Life's fine centre  
Is belief that never dies.

*Waits* the fate that shapes before her,  
Strong to do and dare and pray;  
Knows the griefs that may o'ertake her  
Stepping toward the shining way.  
Yet she droops not,  
Looking for more perfect day.

*Works* with pure, serene insistence,  
Knowing that she *may* grow old;  
Gazing thro' the middle distance  
Into sunset's field of gold.

*Fac et Spera*

Lettered on her bannered fold.



But if youth should pale in crescent,  
Fail completion of the sphere,  
Ere its glory evanescent  
Fades the eyes of mortals here.  
Rounded planet  
Kisses summit of Mount Clear.

Tho' Orion ride victorious  
In the triumph of our stars—  
Tho' the Pleiads cluster glorious  
Tho' there burns red light of Mars,  
And Aurora  
Lightens with her burnished bars—

Yet a soul redeemed from sinning  
Far outshines and pales them all,  
Hope has gilt-edged from beginning,  
Somber sweep of guilt's dark pall,  
Paradise  
Shall be found despite the fall!

1884

## I S T A R

(Lady of Heaven.)

NO CROWN BUT LOVE.

Noblest, sweetest consecration that the world has ever  
known,  
Tho' the Queen should sit in sackcloth unbefriended and  
alone,  
Wearing not a single jewel from rich Afric's blazing zone.  
Love tiaras not like Kings  
But an empress ever  
Coronation anthem sings  
For each pure endeavor.

All the crowns of all the ages powdered were with  
precious stones,  
Purchased oft by bitter anguish, currency of human  
groans,  
Piling one upon another, aggregate of mortal moans.  
Istar—Princess of the Dawn,  
Doth such crown await thee?  
Thou art not so stately born  
With such fate to mate thee.

But a crown of gold and jewels *is* the crown that  
monarchs wear,  
Why of coronet so lovely should young Istar then  
despair?  
Cleopatra's flashed the morning thro' the midnight of  
her hair.



Istar answer! would'st thou sail  
Down the Cydnus river?  
Could the Orient prevail?  
Anthony its giver?

Can'st thou Istar covet blindly the blue lotus of the Nile,  
Or the light Egyptian laughter, not without its trace of  
guile?

Can'st thou let those old enchantments hold thee e'en  
the briefest while?

When a passage far more sweet  
Than of old Hebrician,  
An evangel more complete  
Runs in Christian mission?

Esther wore duplex corona when she knelt before the  
King,

Naught to her was royal raiment, brodered shoon or  
graven ring,

As at feet of haughty Xerxes, she petition terse did bring.

Love baptized her, beauteous Queen,  
'Tis a matchless story,  
Not the Persian crest I ween  
Touched her brow with glory.

Love *is* life's divine enigma—baffling keenest search of  
men:

For 'tis set in deft equations of a woman's subtle ken,  
All the way from chalk and pencil to the pathos of  
the pen.

Love immortal! float the song  
To remotest spaces,  
Let its music drift along  
Thro' earth's dreary places.

Poets phrase it; artists shape it; Cupids peep from  
ev'ry cloud,

Juno steps aside for Venus, tho' with men erect and proud,  
It is heard in still small voices and in hallelujah loud—

Love is holy! Strike the note  
To the lyre's taut quiver,  
As we sail a silver boat  
On a sunny river.

Daffodil may hold its secret, or the seraph Gabriel,  
Rosemary folds remembrance in the quiet of the dell,  
And Ophelia plucks the blossom, acting tale she cannot  
tell.

Love is silent, its Amen  
Scarcely dares to whisper,  
Speaks it softly now and then  
At the hour of Vesper.

Nightingales will trill its measure, in a wild impassioned  
song;

Modest thrush with milder music will melodious note  
prolong—

While miraculous Beethoven symphonies its passion  
strong.

Love is vocal—under tone  
Swell the anthem purer.  
E'en the minor of a moan  
Keys the concord surer.

Tho' we talk with tongues of angels; feed and clothe the  
suff'ring poor,

Give our bodies to the burning—ev'ry mystery make  
sure—

Tho' we've faith to shake the mountains and to bitter  
end endure,



Yet all faileth, so we lack  
Charity diviner—  
Effort earnest doubleth back  
On the love that's finer.

Crown of thorns its high expression, on a bowed majestic  
head,  
God, my God, dost Thou forsake me? All the patient  
Savior said.

Rocks were rent and graves were opened, but *Christ's*  
*love* could *not* be dead!

Love must crown you. Istar, hark!  
Diadem eternal:  
Gems seem rayless; sunshine dark  
Without love supernal!

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1885

### GLORIANA

THE KING'S DAUGHTER IS ALL GLORIOUS WITHIN.

All glorious within! more rare  
Than royal robe or ring,  
What dowry do those words secure  
To daughter of a king?  
Love is to gold superior,  
Of life its noblest part;  
God sees a white interior  
And crowns the "pure in heart."

What goodness is, and where it dwells  
In what choice way begot,  
Is not staccato question like  
What mortal loves it not!  
The world an incantation seems  
Jehovah's pearl of thought;  
And into spells of Wonder Land  
His holiness is wrought.

We trace divine chirography  
In sea and sky and sod;  
He readeth best who loveth most  
The autograph of God.  
The fringes of eternity  
So sweep our troublous time  
They're life and love wed death and heaven,  
Quaternion sublime!

Each age, is age of miracle,  
In some delightful sense;  
The gospel of nobility  
Writes in the present tense.  
There's beauty in brave deeds of men  
Which know no frigid laws  
But leap to make some other blest  
Nor wait deserved applause.

A blessing on the lion hearts  
That startle continents,  
As well as on the bended heads  
Of contrite penitents.



There's magic in both deeds and things,  
In conduct as in art;  
All loveliness of world without  
Has moral counterpart.

There's glory in the pomp of stars,  
Content in gracious word;  
The fugue of flying spheres accords  
With dripping trill of bird.  
While peace on earth, good will to men,  
The choral of the skies  
Is keyed to sigh of publican,  
Spite pharisee's surprise.

So Gloriana wafts a prayer,  
On faith's aerial wing,  
To Him who in the clean sweet heavens  
Knows daughter of a King.  
That as she leaves Enchanted Land  
For work superior  
Prince Christus hides her safe within  
His heart's interior.

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1886

## SAPIENZA

THE GOLDEN APPLE IS HALLOWED FRUIT.

When Jove on Olympus crowned Juno his queen,  
A high coronation, by mortals unseen,  
A wedding gift richer than sceptre or ring,  
She brought to her lover, her spouse and her king.

Hesperides guarding her apples of gold,  
Is myth still repeated, though centuries old,  
As dower of Dione now blesses our race,  
Without circumspection of time or of place.

For wisdom is peerless, than rubies more rare,  
No topaz of Ethiop can with it compare.  
No mention need make we of coral or pearl,  
To seek which we sails of crisp silver unfurl.

No dragon now watches in gardens apart,  
Lest Hercules pillage this gold of the heart,  
King Solomon spread it on consecrate page—  
Bequeathing his Proverbs to every age.

All knowledge is earthly, the wealth of the mind,  
While wisdom is heavenly, after *its* kind,  
All knowledge is proud erudition to show,  
While wisdom is humble, no more it doth know.

No longer her daughter's bright apples of gold,  
Doth stately Queen Mother in custody hold,  
Lest apples of Sodom be chosen instead,  
Their center but ashes, their flavor so dead.

## II.

Sapienza's last Spring song now floats on the air,  
Yet cadenced by wisdom, not keyed by despair,  
And tho' there be quiver in rhythm and chord—  
She sets to her music this clarion word.



She's thrust from these shelters to fervors of noon,  
Her resonant majors transposèd too soon,  
To minors of system, and method and rule,  
More rigid, perhaps, than régime of a school.

Her spring-time doth vanish, her summer draws on,  
She's tenderly bidden embrace and be gone,  
For buds are to open their virginal bloom,  
As maidens the cares of the matron assume.

Farewell to her rubicund debonair youth  
At turn of its fortunes, *best* fortunes forsooth,  
She stands at divide of most devious ways,  
But counts this "red letter" of halcyon days.

Farewell to her girlhood; its flush is o'erpast,  
A fleeting evangel, too placid to last;  
Her flutter of raiment is fairest of sights,  
As doves to their windows is swiftest of flights.

III.

Tho' 'gainst silken fetters no heiress *need* chafe  
Yet freedom is pleasant, tho' bondage is safe;  
A high coronation is witnessed to-day—  
As princess anointed now turneth away

To meet some proud lover, her heart's elect king,  
With sweeter than Spring song that's waiting to  
sing,  
And bearing *Love's* guerdon, more famous of old  
Than even Hesperides Apples of Gold.

1887  
DOLOROSA

IN MEMORIAM  
REV. T. M. POST, D.D.

The oil of joy for mourning; the garment of praise for  
the spirit of heaviness.  
Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the  
morning.

\* \* \* \* \*

Dead! a king! what other master can his fallen ermine  
wear?  
Tho' no more he speak before us, doth he listen anywhere?  
Have we lost His Benediction, oft repeated, yet as new  
As the sheen of Easter lillies jeweled with their tears of  
dew?

No response! The cruel silence closes round us like a wall,  
While the woe of desolation smothers sometimes like a  
pall;  
For our heaviness of spirit can we substitute his sense  
Of the beauty of that leading which so wisely charmed  
him hence—

E'er the golden bowl was broken or the pitcher at the  
fount;  
E'er the silver cord was loosened or wan days began to  
count;  
E'er the pen had lost its cunning or deposed was royal  
brain  
From prerogative of sovereign by life's piteous  
overstrain.



Never more by church he nurtured will his voice be  
heard again,  
With the passion and the pathos of its minor-keyed  
refrain:  
Ever more that gracious presence shall within these  
walls be missed,  
As within his Dulce Domum starve the lips that his  
have kissed.

Dolorosa stands bereaved with her sorrow for a crown,  
But as serried Hebrew armies piling surges could not  
drown—  
So, not tears, nor lamentations can our consolation  
crowd,  
That the cameo face we cherished seems to-day archangel  
browed.

That the speech of our Chrysostom, likewise of the  
"golden mouth,"  
Vibrant as a quivering harp string swept by zephyrs of  
the south,  
In the passage of that spirit to diviner atmosphere,  
Is translated to a diction that the seraphs lean to hear.

That his thought with glowing figures arabesqued in  
patterns quaint,  
Like the canvas of old masters who so reverently did  
paint,  
Has been lifted from such levels to a higher plane than  
ours,  
In the temples which our dreaming coronets with  
phantom towers.

For the death we dread so strangely and which each  
must meet alone,  
He called transit into summer from the steppes of frigid  
zone;  
In the thick of that great darkness do transfigured forms  
appear?  
Does the vale of velvet shadows hug the foot hills of  
Mt. Clear?

Monticello's Prince of Israel doth but tread the path  
before;  
He shall christen her fair daughters—must we write it?—  
Nevermore!  
But some loves refuse to perish, tho' they pass beyond  
our sight;  
*Dead?* Ah, *no!* Sancta Majestas, our new Laureate of  
the Light!

Dolorosa! Speciosa! weeping may endure a night;  
Joy is charioteer of morning riding up the sapphire  
height;  
Praise we wear as christening raiment nor will be in  
sables clad  
Tho' our loss doth make us sorry, yet his gain doth  
make us glad.

Thus, our name illuminated as the missals were of old,  
By the monks who dipped hair pencils in their inks  
of burnished gold,  
Claim we for a choice possession as such sacred  
memories are,  
Since there gleamed in Orient azure the white light of  
Bethlehem's Star!



1888

## ELECTRA

DEEDS ARE THE PULSE OF TIME.

Electra! from foundation of the world,  
A charmed name to those who understand  
Its clarion call! no brook has softly purled,  
No eider down of snow been careless swirled  
In space, but song and dance by Him were planned  
Whose whirlwinds have the hot Sahara fanned.

The name drops lightly from Eve's silken speech,  
And strait the Rose is known as Queen of Bloom;  
For lilies could not Raphael beseech  
Bestowing even dignities on each?  
Ah, no! toward lilies floats a *far* perfume  
Shaken from Gabriel's empyreal plume.

Again the call, electrical but sweet,  
And swift as light a pinion cuts the air,  
Untired and steady in its splendid beat,  
Altho' it doth a million times repeat!  
Hence forward human hearts do humbly dare  
To "mount like eagles" and defy despair!

The antlered stag is monarch of the glen,  
Altho' at bay, yet every inch a king!  
Royal prerogative allowed again  
To instincts challenging our mortal ken.  
On scarlet trail, to human following,  
Elect, superb, he doth defiance fling!

II.

A chosen man—and then a chosen line  
Of kings and prophets, bearing sacred fire  
Within their hearts! All waiting for the sign  
That was to set apart fair Palentine!  
No more need lift the sacrificial pyre,  
Annunciation lilies drifting nigher.

A chosen woman, pure as seraphs are,  
"Immaculate conception" to enshrine;  
She broods her secret with her eyes afar  
Scanning the skies for the historic star.  
Fulfillment correlates prophetic line  
That grapes may purple for communion wine.

Since when, a succinct and elected law  
More potent than a monarch's haughty nod,  
More flexible than Hebrew ever saw,  
But which no Pharisee can ever flaw,  
Binds man as angel to the throne of God,  
And makes him king instead of senseless clod.

III.

Elect occasions! Facets of affairs!  
Ye scintillate the grey of common place  
And focus happiness mid mortal cares  
That lie in wait, as leopards in their lairs.  
Such seasons bid us tarry in the race,  
That we may "speak" each other face to face.



Electra! Fiftieth of the blessed years,  
That make fair Monticello golden bride  
Of prosperous circumstance! both smiles and tears,  
Set such events in April atmospheres;  
Altho' we celebrate this day with pride  
Curl-crested as the insweep of a tide.

Of some peculiar grace above the rest,  
On this our day of sacred jubilee,  
This elect lady may salute the guest  
Who turneth hither with the old-time zest.  
What wealth beloved come ye for to see?  
And shall we in our estimates agree?

IV.

Electra! Cadenced so the flowers can hear,  
And mingling sweetly in the prophet's call,  
Dropped softly in a woman's listening ear  
A charmed name tho' christened with a tear.  
It suiteth logic of Apostle Paul  
And speaketh volumes when it speaks at all.

And so we bless this hour our chosen chrism  
Appellative which floods our hearts with light,  
As color flasheth in a sun-bathed prism,  
And lifts us from swart selfishness' abysm.  
Electra still may be a name of might,  
When prayer is turned to praise and faith to sight.

For noble deeds beat best the pulse of time!  
This, men and nations oft must recognize,  
In the glad language of those starry eyes  
Which blaze the rugged way by which saints climb  
To cloud-capped mounts of sacrifice sublime.  
Behind such dark a silver glory lies  
Reflected from the wings of Paradise,  
Unfurled for victor's hallelujah chime,  
Who measures action not as great or small  
Except by estimate of cherubim;  
Whose sword sequestered Eden from the fall  
Which lost the race its heavenly paradigm;  
Until by noblest sacrifice of all  
This life is lost in pulse of Seraphim!

1889

CONSTANTIA

"STAUNCH HEARTS ARE MORE THAN CORONETS."

As old as earth the faith of man in man—  
So, who can tell when constancy began?  
And older still the tale which Milton told:  
That Uriel, "faithful 'mong the faithless found,"  
Rode in the sun, whose "coursers" made no sound  
'Mid heaven's galaxies of clustered gold.

From Edom steal the lovers, hand in hand;  
And Ruth regards not Naomi's command  
To leave her widowhood still desolate;  
While Esther dwells in Mordecai's lone heart.  
Tho' in her palaces she walks apart,  
A loyal Jewess in a Persian State.



Love's inspiration flashes starless dark  
As phosphorescence tracks a bounding barque  
    Riding the crescents of the blackest surge;  
It hangs its jewels in the ear of night,  
And edges sable with the fringe of light  
    That sweeps mortality's outlying verge.

Nor fire, nor flood, nor dark that can be felt,  
Nor any blow by man in malice dealt,  
    Can alienate true friends in time of need;  
Nor plagues as black as Pharaoh's, heaven sent,  
Nor woe of despot's long imprisonment,  
    Can shatter constancy's electric creed.

Nor tears that fall like sad November rain,  
Nor scimitar of lacerating pain,  
    Can set such adamantine faith adrift;  
Nor death itself can come between those twain  
Whose trust refuses to be lightly slain  
    By surmise slow or accusation swift.

True as the needle to the unseen pole,  
Or love of artist to dramatic role,  
    Or curl of lilies to caress of June;  
True as the tides to most forbidding shore,  
Or crinkling ripples to the satin oar,  
    Or lips of singer to a witching tune,

Are lovers of the noble, sweet and true,  
To conduct beautiful, which they pursue:  
    Staunch hearts can sanctify a palace door,  
And phrase their gospels on silk lips of queens,  
Or consort gently with sad Magdalenes,  
    Or fresco visions on a dungeon floor.

Thus, earth hath heroes that it knoweth not,  
Till constancy by crisis is begot,  
    And race nobility doth touch the stars.  
The petrel rideth on the swirling gale;  
Abreast the Storm King doth the eagle sail,  
    And blue seems bluer 'gainst the fire-red Mars.

Staunch hearts, 'tis true, are more than coronets;  
The world is lost when this the world forgets:  
    This truth outrode the thunders of the flood,  
Since which black time, white truth has been the law,  
The love that's absolute and knows no flaw,  
    And runs in purer than the Norman blood.

Constantia! 'tis a heaven-appointed name  
Which blooms in amaranths of sacred fame;  
    'Tis graven in the books before the Throne,  
The which, when opened, will the script disclose  
Which runneth in the name of Him who knows  
    How to be constant and redeem His own!

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1890**VICTORIA**

AD ASTRA PER ASPERA.

(Class so named in recognition of the two years' sojourn in Temporary  
Buildings and Graduation of Class in the Eleanor Irwin Reid Chapel  
June 10th, 1890.)

*Where* writes the world its victories? On history's  
    flashing page—  
Illuminated bravery of each succeeding age,  
From banners of proud Constantine to white plume of  
    Navarre;  
Then eagles of Napoleon, who trusted his own star.



*How* writes the world its victories? With a cast-iron pen  
Dipped in the crimson agony that runs from hearts of  
men;

It shouts the names of conquerors, but "lumps" the  
privates' pain

When writing in the numerals cold, "there were ten  
thousand slain."

*Why* writes the world its victories? Are they so passing  
sweet

Tho' trumpet-tongued resultant of some foe's forlorn  
defeat?

Can blare of silver bugles drown the drip of silver tears  
When Waterloos are won and lost 'mid clash of shining  
spears?

The world should write some victories—the victories of  
thought;

The splendid pageants of the brain with inspirations  
fraught;

The world should write more victories, the victories of  
love—

Its own excuse for being, like the plumage of a dove.

*Not* as the world writes victories, do we this day record  
In blood or flame the characters of that majestic word;  
But in the graceful golden script of woman's running  
hand

We trace the royal signature, as if by her command—

Who made this writing possible by her victorious life,  
More difficult in quiet ways than in the fields of strife;  
She won, and wore, and cast aside a diadem of pearl,  
Altho' it was not coronet of any belted earl—

But just a crown invisible that this sweet woman wore,  
In narrow kingdom of the home; blest dynasty of yore;  
Until translated to the skies from service crystalline,  
There builds to her, because of love, this Monticello  
shrine.

Victoria is *more* than one! She is a million strong  
Since Israel caught triumphant note of Miriam's timbrel  
song;

An "army without banners," or the woe of battle flags,  
Which tells of grape and canister in rhetoric of rags!

She seeks the stars thro' hindrances, oft tracked by  
bleeding feet,

The scarlet trail is edged with gold, touch of the  
Paraclete;

The way, tho' "blazed" by obstacles, sweeps towards the  
sparkling spheres,

By *Via Sacra* of the world, all drenched with human  
tears.

And we are called Victoria; name resonant as rare;  
To float upon a lyric's crest, or whisper in a prayer;  
While all must feel responsive throb when sounds its  
mellower note

As it escapes its prison house in any human throat.

We are the first to walk in white this consecrated hall;  
The first to make its sacred name a Monticello call—  
In memory of a charmed life (not of a single deed),  
Which budded, blossomed and is scrolled as  
ELEANOR IRWIN REID.



## FELICIA

"PARADISE IS UNDER THE SHADOW OF SWORDS."

Paradise! Most liquid of musical words,  
How can it lie under shadow of swords?  
Its vowels to viols might glide from the tongue  
In smoothest of lyrics that ever were sung.

Repeating Mahomet's stern Arabic phrase,  
We look on the lines with incredulous gaze;  
We wonder—we question—how can it be true?  
And shudder while thinking what hundreds he slew.

But blade of the cherub was bright in the flow  
Of the four silver rivers in Eden's warm glow;  
All beauty means conflict; peace comes after pain,  
And sickle curves under the gold of the grain.

Paradise! What is it? We ask day by day;  
Then place it in regions of distant Cathay;  
Or by the soft beryls of shimmering seas  
Which rim Creole countries with foam-fretted frieze.

Paradise! What is it? Who ventures declare  
That he's found its pavilions of rarified air;  
The moment he speaks it, enchantments are done,  
And cloudlets scud over the fire of the sun.

Is Paradise found in a wealth of domain?  
In cities that arabesque African plain?  
In Ionic or graceful Corinthian volutes?  
In Dorian columns or Lydian flutes?

Paradise! We hold it, though skies be of ink,  
By splendors of that which a poet can think;  
All billows are buoyant for right royal sails  
Whose canvas furls safely from riotous gales.

Paradise! We make it, with breath of a song,  
With vows between lovers spoke silken and strong;  
With lisp of the children who prattle their prayers  
Of sweet "Now I lay me's," which Raphael bears

To Santa Madonna who brought to the earth  
Paradise regained by the Bethlehem birth;  
Which teaches to conquer by loves, not by fears;  
For swords carry anguish, and trumpets mean tears!

Paradise! It bourgeons in hearts that are white;  
'Tis "Golden Age" ever when men speed the right:  
Though forced by a rapier, 'tis won by a kiss,  
For love is sure victor where steel smites amiss!

Paradise! We build it in temple like this;  
All symmetry teaches some gospel of bliss;  
No ill can find shelter in such a demesne;  
Each dweller becomes in her own right a Queen!

Paradise is under the shadow of swords—  
So shouted hot hero of Saracen hordes:  
Felicia from saying its fierceness beguiles,  
Paradise is under her SUNSHINE OF SMILES.

Far sweeter the Christian than Moslem refrain;  
The world has outgrown the sad count of the slain:  
Felicia builds Paradise in her own breast,  
For glance of a woman sets lances in rest!



1892

## CORONA

"FEARLESS MINDS CLIMB SOONEST INTO CROWNS."

Eternal snows curves crowns on Alpine steeps,  
While rainbows diadem Niagara deeps;  
The oak wears coronal of living green,  
And flowers elect the Cashmere rose their queen.

Corona rims eclipse, with flashing edge  
To burnished sphere again the swiftest pledge;  
For Luna briefly shuts from Terra's sight  
Aurora's globe of palpitating light.

Crowns challenge victors; the Athenian games  
Were played in presence of Hellenic dames;  
Wild olives simply did contestants win,  
For withered parsley Isthmian rites begin.

Crowns circle crosses; wreaths of smoke and fire  
Are coronets that martyrs most desire.  
Saint Patience walks where lustier souls are drowned,  
And dreams not she with amaranth is crowned.

Crowns carry cov'nants; coronation oath  
Forbids the luxury of royal sloth.  
Will ever Lancaster's sad cadence "down,"  
"Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown"?

Of iron, paper, or of beaten gold,  
It oft insphered more agony untold  
Than can be chanted in the tone that warns,  
Lest garland roses turn to garland thorns.

But love is more than royal diadems,  
And faith than inlaid cabinets of gems;  
Hearts jewel e'en the coarsest scapulaire,  
As heads tiaras, that they chastely wear.

And so the nimbus of *pure* womanhood  
Is brightest circlet of her sovereign mood;  
That right, divinest of the noblest souls,  
No one "usurps" from tropics to the poles.

A woman's crown is sunshine on her head  
When she, "low-voiced," some golden word has said;  
A woman's scepter sunbeam in her hand  
When she some dainty deed has deftly planned.

## VALEDICTION.

Spring blushes rosiest where arbutus blooms,  
But summer tosses tips of forest plumes;  
Therefore farewell, chameleon days of youth,  
Tho' magnetized by their dream-life, forsooth.

Farewell to passage of our vernal hours,  
To echoing laughter in their sunny bowers;  
To skies of sapphire, and to loves of flame  
In speech staccato, with its crisp exclaim!

Adieu to follies carmine-tipped with fire  
Of impulse, which seemed passionate desire  
To grasp the beauteous world, with all its wealth  
Of hope and opportunity and strength.



Farewell to "catching weather" of our moods,  
Which made us Aprils, in our loosening snoods  
Of careless hair; when we both laughed and cried,  
As our crude wants were granted or denied.

Farewell, companionships of temper fine,  
Pledged close, as in Venetian globes of wine;  
Our open secrets and concealed dismays,  
When life was drama of enchanted days.

Farewell to Monticello's home-some halls;  
To magic spell of her electric calls;  
To her Praise Angel, standing in the sun;  
To vesper verses when the day was done.

To our Blonde Mother, who has made this scene  
A chastened memory of silver sheen,  
Which floats the fervors of our zenith life,  
As we are bidden to its torrid strife.

'Tis over—all, the song, the mirth, the tear.  
The chaplet falls, meridian fades it sere.  
A crown awaits 'mid care's distracting whirl  
To drop in turn for fadeless one of pearl.

Corona! 'tis a name that sings itself;  
Not Hohenzollern, Romanoff or Guelph,  
But claim imperial to immortal right,  
To carve its script upon celestial height.

No siren strophe this "heroic" drowns,  
That "fearless minds climb soonest into crowns"  
Which "round Elysium," but when shaping deeds  
That meet divinely our most human needs.

1893

## PATRICIA

BETTER NOT TO LIVE THAN NOT LIVE NOBLY.

Patricia! What the meaning of the name  
Which might be writ in script of flashing flame?  
Is't graven but on christening cups of Queens,  
Or wrought on damask of their banquet scenes?

High born! it is the blood of Norman kings  
That thro' our purple pulses hotly swings?  
High bred! is't bounded by the written text  
Of earth's small etiquettes in custom vext?

High born, high bred! 'Tis heritage divine  
Imperial as an eagle's skyward line!  
'Tis better not to be, the poet saith,  
Than not be noble—who that answereth?

The longest line of lineage that's remained  
Descent unbroken, and fair fame unstained,  
Is that which linketh all the "pure in heart"  
Who 'bide among us, yet who dwell apart.

From age to age those princes have seen God,  
So need no sceptre nor divining rod;  
Love their sweet gospel, and the law their liege,  
Their scutcheon graven with "*noblesse oblige*."

These are the spirits we have leaned upon  
From Miriam's song to vision of St. John;  
This is blood royal and it ne'er out-runs;  
Its peerage ancient as Arcturus' suns.



Nobility of thought! 'tis kingliest pride  
To set ambitions of this earth aside;  
Nobility of act! 'tis queenliest grace  
That makes the plainest a transfigured face.

High born, high bred, high propertied of soul!  
This the tone regnant of patrician role—  
Knight errantry of heart is still benign,  
And all the world knows valor's countersign.

But better than high born, high bred, it is to be  
*Well* born in this glad country of the free;  
Patricia Patria—'tis our double name,  
This year four hundred since Columbus came.

The beacon goddess of this fair young land  
With brazen torch in her uplifted hand,  
Is our Patricia, as the Romans speak,  
Or our Athena, in the smoother Greek—

Or Liberty in strong crisp English speech  
Which doth the glory of Republics teach:  
Yet *but* an image! not a tide pulse flows  
From heart to brain of her majestic pose.

But *living* woman in a crisis hour  
Knows her superbest plentitude of power,  
And that 'tis better not to be at all  
Than not be noble, tho' her head should fall.

To think, to act, to be, these each demand  
A steadfast eye and an experienced hand,  
A brain well ordered and a heart of gold,  
A life well buttressed with a courage bold.

Patricia, hallow thine ancestral roll  
With its fine aristocracy of soul,  
Add yet another to the race of queens  
And teach thy *daughters* what Patricia means!

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1894

### SINCERITA

SINCERITY IS THE ROAD TO HEAVEN.

The Cosmos? Who poised it long aeons ago?  
Greek marbles? Who cut them to curves that we  
know?

The ocean? What rocks it in cradle so old  
The centuries cannot its birth-mark unfold?

The laughter of children—what makes it so sweet?  
The foot of Gazella—why is it so fleet?  
The song of a Diva—why doth it start tears?  
The vow of the bridal—why gilds it the years?

The silver of lilies—is "sterling" since when?  
What note keys the broadest, best language of men?  
Why doth the rose answer her lover, the sun,  
Then drop her heart petals when summer is done?

Sincerity pointeth all straight roads to heaven  
And multiplies graces to sev'nty times seven!  
Her souls are like crystals that let the light thro'  
As sunshine shapes diamonds of colorless dew.



Sincerity swingeth the planets in space  
And setteth the nest of a thrush in its place;  
Turns white light of effort to truth that endures  
In all its successes of honest contours.

Sincerity cresteth the high tides of thought  
As into safe haven their treasures are brought;  
She pulses the breath of a Magdalen's sigh  
And wafts a Saint's Gloria to temple of sky.

The lark greets Aurora with matin so sure  
That even a seraph lists nothing more pure;  
The vespers of mothers with babes in their arms  
Must drown their falsettos of childish alarms.

The "stars in their courses" chant choruses strong,  
Divina Madonna floats lullaby song;  
Each life hangs some pearl 'gainst Death's dusk of  
despair,  
Sincerita's jewel, than rubies more rare.

The Angelus painted with brush so sincere  
That often its ringing falls soft on our ear;  
Sandalphon—the poet's bright angel of prayer  
Sweeps glistening pinion o'er doubts darkest lair.

The Passion Flower telleth of Paradise Found  
Since Right, the poor captive, by Christ was unbound;  
The word of Apostle steals over Mars' Hill,  
For truth is a Victor that captivates still.

A Queen or a martyr—and each void of guile—  
(Though walking in ermine or sackcloth the while),  
Is true to conviction; and neither will swerve  
From right lines of honor by hair-breadth of curve.

The pen or the chisel, the brush or the sword,  
Or mould, into which the bronze metal is poured,  
Are impotent ever if truth be ignored,  
Or lofty ideals insensibly lower'd.

Sincerita, listen! Your *name* is your crown!  
You'll wear it, or drop it; lift up, or cast down;  
'Tis worthy a Princess, a daughter of Kings,  
I pray you be worthy the beauty it brings.

For fair Monticello, you carry a crest,  
Its motto: stern labor alone merits rest;  
Her colors are blended of sable and gold:  
Sincerita writeth diplomas you hold.



1895  
CRYSTALLINA

"THE PURE IN HEART REFLECT GOD."

Yes! 'tis the pure discern the purest things;  
A king in heart best knows the hearts of kings.  
Madonna love weaves lilies in its loom,  
The infant Christus in its Bethlehem bloom.

What "under-studies" in the turquoise pool,  
'Midst meadow emeralds, nestling clear and cool,  
Reflecting argent crescent of the moon—  
The jewel-clasping of the dusks of June,

Rewriting lessons of the spangled skies,  
The mellowed scriptures of the sunset dyes;  
The rosy scrollings of each cloud contour,  
All "upper studies" which the sight allure.

The *world* is mirror-lined; a gem, a stream,  
A dewdrop on a pansy, all a gleam—  
The ocean's vast convexity of sheen  
Are all reflections that are crystalline.

The human face writes drama in its lines  
Which "acts" in private with these tell-tale signs;  
The eye is painted window of the soul,  
Betraying secrets of its hidden role.

A human heart, if it be throbbing pure,  
Resets the grace beatitudes secure;  
Each noble deed is ever more alight  
With soft reflections of the inner sight.

And human speech is but the crystal dress  
Of thought that bears some rhythmical impress,  
Which makes a poet the divinest seer  
That ever walketh this terrestrial sphere.

A human brain repeats the great flashlight  
Of Law, which blazed from Sinai's awful height,  
Oft 'tis the spectrum of the softer rays  
Of Love—the after-glow of later days.

A human life reveals the motive fine  
That warps and woofs its arabesque design  
Its pattern shaping in behavior chaste,  
Which carries canons of a perfect taste.

A mortal love is a reflector clear  
Of that which glows in the rare atmosphere,  
Thro' which the ichor of celestials runs  
In great Love Land—beyond the scheme of suns.

So there is river in the great Joy Land  
Whose silvers carry, as divinely planned,  
The high processional of saints in light  
Whose hearts are pure, as is their raiment white.

\* \* \* \* \*

Let liquid name Crystallina enroll  
Beneath such fine transparency of soul  
That it can outline in perspective bold  
St. John's Apocalypse of pearl and gold.

Yes! writ in water! for æsthetic gift  
Repeats a form of gracious art uplift!  
And last year's *Undine* has a grace more rare  
Because reflected in the love *we* bear.



1896  
GRACIOSA

THE GRACE OF WOMAN—THE GEM OF THE WORLD.

Yes! witching gift of woman's winsome grace  
Is more than beauty of her classic face;  
It conquers quicker than enchanter's spell;  
Its sweet diplomacies all legends tell.

The race has won by means of Waterloos,  
Let him who will the giant's armor choose;  
Let thundering guns blaze murder from their throats,  
And bridge with dying the old castle moats.

But golden apple not to Juno came,  
With all her glory of Olympus fame;  
Minerva helmeted was set aside,  
With all her majesty of regal pride.

Chaldean patriarch by its silken string  
Was drawn toward magic of illusioning;  
When Sarah sanctified Machpelah's cave,  
To him life focussed in that sacred grave.

Rebekah knew it; tho' her jewels gold  
And bracelets silver all her love tales told;  
Yet more than these did her demeanor show  
To Hebrew lover what he fain would know,—

As, lighting off her camel in the field,  
A chaste surrender was to him revealed  
Of sweet, true woman, in primeval scheme,  
Who shapes the painter's and the poet's dream.

And Rachel won by that abounding grace,  
In Jacob's heart the old Shekinah place;  
Until her motherhood was grand as queens'  
Who thread their heirship thro' historic scenes.

'Twas this that *carried* in great Deborah's song,  
Altho' its strophe was a triumph strong,  
She rounded anthem with a love-lay last,  
And mellowed music ere the lyric passed.

When Miriam's measure led the victor's dance,  
Her rhythmic curves did Jewesses entrance;  
As shapely arms tossed timbrel in the air—  
A pose as eloquent as Israel's prayer.

And Sheba's queen King Solomon beguiled  
To speak some proverbs like ingenuous child;  
To give in answer as her questions slips,  
His gold of Ophir and his Tarshish ships.

Fair Esther bows before her lord the king,  
A graceful body in petitioning;  
Haman is captured in his snare—*alone!*  
A *race* is ransomed by a cadenced tone.

And Shakespeare's women, oh how *debonair*,  
Their empire is the realm of Everywhere  
By right divinest, of the grace that wins,  
Before their contest for that right begins.

Miranda, Juliet and Ophelia sad,  
With Desdemona in *her* love-life, glad;  
Octavia, Rosalind, Cordelia—wise—  
The holy teardrop in her "heavenly eyes!"



In Paradiso was the jewel set,  
Which earth is wearing on her bosom yet;  
But lest she lose it let the world beware,  
Because so worthy of a seraph's care,—

That Gabriel sought it with his shining plume,  
And Lily of Annunciation bloom;  
He walked invisible this planet round,  
Till he the Virgin of Judea found.

One woman only captivates the earth;  
But she is priestess of empyrean birth;  
Nor old—nor new—but just the woman pure,  
Sybyl of sanctities that *must* endure.

Hence, Graciosa, hold that high reserve,  
That renders woman the electric nerve  
Of present, past and future heritage,  
Which was, is, shall be—*all*, a "Golden Age."

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1897

### DELICIA

TO RULE THE GREAT WE WIN THE SMALL.

'Tis not the flashing glory of the sword of cherubim  
That wins the world to loving in the ways of seraphim:  
A woman's voice may carry over brazen battle hymn.

Not in the throat of whirlwind sobs the song that melts  
to tears,  
'Tis not always martial order that the smoke of conflict  
clears,  
Nor in the blare of trumpets that the victory appears.

Not so much the plume of Ivry, tho' the white plume of  
Navarre  
Did set the chimes a-ringing down the centuries afar,  
As the whisper of Madonna underneath the Bethlehem  
star.

Which vocalized the ages by a soft "good will to men"  
And made the race a unit (tho' so much divided then),  
With no push of serried columns, or a single stroke  
of pen.

What bursts the sheathes of roses but the balmy breath  
of June?

What soothes a babe to slumber like a mother's cradle  
tune?

What purples grapes to royal but the kiss of harvest  
moon?

What but the slanting silvers of the tender April rain  
Have burnished Easter lilies into beauteous life again,  
To bury 'neath their blossoms Calvary's tragedy of pain?

The gentle touch of Christmas cheer can make the whole  
world kin;  
A look redeemed the Magdalene from horrors of her sin;  
'Tis not the noisiest forces that always easiest win.

Not more the flights of eagles, than the skylark's crystal  
note  
Can penetrate the ethers, from this lower world remote  
As caverns of the ocean, over which her navies float.



And so *best* "rights of women" are to all divinest things  
In treasury of the ages, which Fortuna alway brings  
To her who knows *true* values; those of which the poet  
sings.

Delicia we are christened, in the name of high reserves,  
Which turn life's sharpest angles to such softly rounded  
curves  
Of most celestial patience, which serenely waits and  
serves.

Delicia we are christened, in the name of such delights  
As bear us to the ozones of those clear aerial heights  
Which overlook the valleys and discern by swift  
"search-lights."

The arabesque in picture of this broad mosaic field,  
Where azure touches crimson as the pattern is revealed,  
And design of great Designer can no longer be concealed.

For all earth's Sinai sables time doth speed on pinion  
white,  
For all earth's sad suggestions there is music in its flight;  
The gracious are the victors, more than conquerors that  
smite.

So to rule the great, Delicia, you must also win the small,  
A psalm and not a sermon swept aside the gloom of Saul;  
And the shepherd lad of Israel was magician over all.

Not always "star performers" play the most effective  
parts,  
A silken strain is surer than a cloud of shining darts,  
For tho' Kings have conquered Empires, Queens have  
captivated hearts.

1898

## VENTURA

"'TIS BETTER TO CARRY THAN TO KEEP."

So the carrier-dove is sometimes called,  
When trained to service; then disenthralled;  
Tho' silent servitor of the air,  
Some speaking message this bird must bear.

'Tis better to carry than to keep,  
For some must sow what the rest may reap;  
'Tis' wiser to scatter than to hold  
The word that wins, or the crock of gold.

Tho' values vary, the end is one,  
There's nothing wasted beneath the sun—  
The "widow's mite" is the wealth that mounts,  
In final balance of heart accounts.

Melody into the morning flings,  
Only a skylark soars and sings;  
And the forest waves its regnant plumes  
Above the sheltered arbutus blooms.

The ocean curves a diamond crest  
Over the throb of its great unrest;  
The stagnant pool has a lily shield.  
Whiter than flowers we find afield.

Tho' life is a chrism of briny tears  
It means salvation for kings and seers;  
Baptismal drops, for the tempest tossed,  
In "loving cup" that should not be lost.



For it holds beside the ruby wine,  
From vintage finer than Apennine,  
The wine of gladness which sometimes spills  
Into the chalice of human ills—

Thus making each mission seem benign,  
Like that which bewildered Palestine;  
The only mission that man has known,  
Which some way travels from zone to zone.

For Calvary bears a shining cross,  
Which jeweled this earth thro' sometime loss;  
And although sunken by serpent's trail,  
The world is saved by the Holy Grail.

Ventura should hold ideals high,  
Till they catch the sunshine from the sky;  
Yes! bear them steady and also strong,  
Into the kingdom of light and song.

Let nothing sordid her soul assail,  
Let each one burnish some golden grail;  
She carries more than the speeding dove,  
The holy message that life is love.

So Monticello for sixty years  
Has filled the chalice that now appears;  
The nectar poured is the world's high thought—  
What finer draught have the ages brought?

Though three-score old, she is three-score young,  
An age not told by a careless tongue;  
There is no time in the realm of grace—  
Both old and young as the human race.

1899

## IMPERIA

"HEART IS MORE WISE THAN INTELLECT."

All eyes have seen the glory of the genius world of men,  
The master grace of Phidias, whose peer has never been,  
The chiseled curves of Angelo at four score years  
and ten,  
The color scheme of Raphael, the verve of Shakes-  
peare's pen.

We all have caught the passion plaint of Stabat Mater  
song,  
And also glad *Te Deums* which to victories belong—  
The dirge that calls for muffled drums, and hush of  
funeral throng;  
The *Gloria in Excelsis* from some chorus fine and strong.

All eyes have scanned the canvases which make to-day  
aglow  
With romance of the yesterdays we else could never  
know;  
We trace the Christus countenance in pictures of Tissot,  
So sad, so sweet, so sanctified, they make the eyes  
o'erflow.

'Tis all divine, this *toil* of man; this fruitage of the brain,  
Which pushes to expression thro' the travail hours of  
pain;  
But there is that diviner than high arts imperial train  
Which pleads a nobler pedigree—nor does it plead in  
vain.



The first are not test values of this sin-beleaguered earth,  
Nor always spirit-levels which determine spirit worth;  
Fair Hellas, white with temples, missed the "Cricket on  
the Hearth,"

A more exalted gospel dawned at lowly Bethlehem birth.

It was not sheer omnipotence that blossomed Aaron's rod;  
Or spread the bright Shekinah o'er the "mercy seat" of  
God;

Or sowed so thick with daisies the soft carpet of the sod,  
Or in man's forfeit garden bade the brilliant poppies nod.

Heart is the best expansionist upon the broadest lines,  
As free as kiss of Aeolus on towering tops of pines;  
The silver thread that wanders thro' all tapestried  
designs,

Or the lustre of the lilies when the Easter on them  
shines.

All tongues have told the splendors of the battle-host of  
braves,

Who mailed themselves in righteousness to break the  
chains of slaves,

But only left as souvenirs their consecrated graves  
O'er which, perchance, nor star, nor stripe nor Union  
Jack e'er waves.

Heart speaks in grace of woman as in a Red Cross dress  
She walks adown the soldier lines with her soft touch-  
caress;

It tells in pride of woman tho' a crown her brow doth  
press,

It tells in tear of woman tho' a "Sinner" none the less.

Madonna and the Magdalen: each story writes for aye,  
One bathed in light, one swept with shade, yet each  
alike must pray

As woman never prayed before upon that dismal day  
When faith was dead, and hope had fled, and love alone  
held sway.

And so we're called IMPERIA in name of womankind—  
Heart is more wise than intellect and wins the sovereign  
mind;

While love's celestial rapture is the great terrestrial  
"find"

And girdles earth with forces which no wizard can  
unbind.

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1900

## AUREOLA

GOODNESS IS THE GLORY OF THE WORLD.

Tho' beauty dwelleth everywhere in all the world  
around,

Still 'tis the middle value set in treatises renowned;  
The true, the beautiful, the good: 'tis thus that scholars  
read,

And to this sacred order all star artists are agreed.

Green fields are strewn with blossoms as blue skies are  
sown with stars;

The daisy's disc is perfect as the ruby globe of Mars;



Each wonder world is signet of Jehovah's rainbow  
pledge,  
Which rounds this gracious covenant with that prismatic  
edge.

The taper of the Gothic, so aerially divine,  
Can never scant the measure of the horizontal line;  
The Parthenon will ever be the "miracle in stone,"  
For all the Rhineland marvel, the cathedral of Cologne.

But all the kingdoms of the world with all their glories  
known;  
Nor yet the wider realm of air with song sweep over-  
tone;  
Nor all the treasure-trove of sea, in coral or in pearl,  
O'er which the flags of many lands so graciously unfurl,

Can match the holy passion flower of one heroic deed,  
Which is the light on sea and land that all the kingdoms  
heed;  
For goodness, more than all of these, is glory of the  
world,  
And will be till this planet old is from its axis hurled.

For he who dares, and she who weeps, are victors in  
their turn,  
And for them both the incense cup should on the altar  
burn;  
For banner float and falling tear, each our Hosannas  
swell,  
When in the hour of triumph *all* its contributions tell.

There is one glory of the deed, another of the pain,  
Which christens every fallen knight upon the battle  
plain;  
For goodness throws its aureole e'en over those who  
wait,  
For fame comes often tardily, and when it is too late.

What eloquence in holiness! Gethsemane has thrilled  
More martyrs than a Waterloo where wine of life was  
spilled;  
But roar of cannon is sublime, as anthem of the seas,  
When nations wait for victory upon their bended knees.

The race becomes the winner as the conflict does the  
strong;  
A Vulcan trusts his anvil stroke as Diva does her song;  
Each value thrills with pulses that are pounding in the  
brain  
Which sets each life in concord with creation's joy-  
refrain.

A queen of only just one *hour*, some three-score *years*  
ago,  
Seized on this incantation in fear of coming woe;  
She knew so many perils that beset a crowned head;  
She caught the charm that wins the world—"I will be  
good," she said.

So in our coronation hour we'll make that motto ours,  
Which breathes a finer fragrance than exhales from lips  
of flowers;



God grant our name be so well borne and so well  
understood  
Aureola may always stand a symbol of the good.

\* \* \* \* \*

For it accents the beautiful; each sculptor knows as  
much,  
Who makes impassive marble breathe beneath a Phidias  
touch;  
Thus spirit animates the stone till all its stern contour  
Rounds into curves of matchless grace, because the life is  
pure—

As doth this portrait face of one whom all that know  
revere,  
Because she seems a providence to all who come anear;  
Tho' bearing others' burdens, speaking gospel of good  
cheer,  
Her *own* feet always planted on the summits of  
Mt. Clear.\*

To him who made this block to speak, although the lips  
are still,  
By sovereignty of something more than mere mechanic  
skill,  
We render reverence for his art, not for "art's sake"  
alone,  
But for its lift toward higher realms in a celestial zone.†

\*Harriet N. Haskell.

†F. Wellington Ruckstuhl, Sculptor.

On him who this memorial placed in Monticello's hall,  
May thanks of all her graduates like benedictions fall;  
No recompense on this side heaven can match a gracious  
act—

It rings its own sweet Angelus and is with heaven  
impact.††

††William H. Reid.

1901

### ANNUNZIATA

"WORDS VOICE THE HEART." (CONFUCIUS.)

Since God first spake: "Let there be light,"  
The spoken word has gathered might  
'Till, like the Pentecostal flame,  
It breathes of heaven from whence it came.

The voice that frees a horde of slaves  
Or leads a battle host of braves  
By clarion of a tense command  
But keys the epic of a land.

For every race hath golden tongue  
By which its canticles are sung,  
And poets put their girdles round  
This throbbing world of rhythmic sound.

King David's harp to David's psalm  
Was as the zephyr to the palm;  
While Deborah's timbrel caught the swing  
Of her triumphal caroling.



We "speak" each other on life's sea,  
Our shallops dipping daintily;  
'Tis but the passage of a breath  
That wafts us on to kiss of death.

The word that *wins* is like a star  
As firmly placed as planets are;  
'Tis clear as lark note in the air  
Or strong as Moslem call to prayer.

The word that *saves* is like the flower  
That opens at the midnight hour;  
Divine as Gabriel's sweet "All hail,"  
Or Raphael's Paradiso tale.

The word that *warns* is like the blade  
That gave the knight his accolade;  
Tho' stern, 'tis tender as the tone  
That did Jerusalem bemoan.

And so, Beloved!—chaste of speech,  
May you such royal prestige reach  
By word that wins, or warns, or saves  
Outside Cathedral architraves.

To speak or hearken? each is blest:  
Who knows which is the tenderest?  
Annunciation angel called—  
While virgin listened—love enthralled.

Annunziata—double crowned,  
Queen both of silence and of sound;  
To tell the thought that in thee burns,  
Or list magnetic thought "returns."

So may you ever hold the name  
Most sacred, as your birthright claim  
To an imperial heritage  
More precious grown from age to age—

Because it bears the dual crest  
Of speech and silence—each the test  
Of balanced brain and heart of gold,  
A wealth of character untold.

Words voice the heart, Confucius taught,  
And vocalize the poet's thought,  
As melodies of violins  
Float over fragrant jessamines.

Hearts voice the word, so Christus taught,  
In prayer with inspirations fraught,  
As briny ozones of the seas  
Still pulse the tide of centuries.



1902

EVANGELA

LOVE GIRDS ITSELF FOR SERVICE.

A revelation written large is Nature's open page  
To him who reads between the lines, as saint, or seer, or  
sage;  
'Tis clearer than illumined text in rubric of the king,  
And grander than the "Glorias" which all the choirs  
can sing.

The world is one great miracle; its genesis the sea,  
From which was born the primal dawn in sparkling purity.  
God's thought was love, and love flashed out the lustre  
of a star,  
Since when the miracle repeats in all the worlds that are.

There's gospel in the sunshine as a Sinai in the storm,  
And a canticle diviner when the constellations form;  
The ocean surge is rhythmic, but the grasses rustle tunes,  
Each desert is a burning glass beneath the tropic moons.

There is evangel of the heat, Apocalypse of cold;  
One tints the rose of summer, one the Borealis' gold.  
We love the chaste medallion, and the splendor of  
cartoon,  
The dazzle of meridian, and the shimmer of the moon.

Love's services are various: she ramifies her plan,  
And sends her wireless messages to every race and clan;

She throbs the quickening pulses of the earth and air  
and sky,  
For she can "Sun the realms of light," were there no  
other nigh.

Love's heralds should be thoughts, 'tis said; but thoughts  
engender deeds  
Far oftener than they underlie the battles of the creeds;  
And she can rouse the dead to life by just one winning  
word,  
Which thrills the fine nerve centers through, wherever  
it is heard.

Each WOMAN is Evangela in this particular sense,  
For she is matchless tenderness where man is stern and  
tense.  
She girds herself for service with a panoply of lace,  
While he goes forth an "iron-clad," steel visor on his  
face.

Evangela—a liquid name—all vowels of the South,  
It falleth soft as melodies from an Italian mouth;  
But 'tis its sure significance that lifts us toward the blue  
Of Heaven's song-swept firmament, which CHRIST  
love filters through.



1903  
SERAPHIA

LOVE IS THE SUREST WISDOM.

For gift "more rare than rubies" was the prayer of  
Israel's king,  
To whom knelt royal princess in a maze of wondering;  
She came, she saw, was conquered, then turned away  
forlorn:  
To no such *high* inheritance was Queen of Sheba born.

She missed, perchance, the rapturous note which sweeps  
poetic lyres;  
Or sacred flames that lifts to heaven its smoke of incense  
fires;  
For tho' a Queen in her own right, she was a woman  
still,  
And felt, perhaps, the aching void which love alone can  
fill.

Tho' half had not been told to her, the strong conviction  
clings,  
This sovereign knows not secret at the very heart of  
things;  
His wisdom grew to sadness, until life seemed all in vain,  
And so not worth the living with its coronal of pain.

\* \* \* \* \*

To Bethlehem came the Magi; the wisest men there were;  
Each bringing precious gifts of gold and frankincense  
and myrrh:

For they had heard a canticle resounding in the skies  
And softer light than wisdom sheds illumined their  
surprise.

But *one* of *twelve* disciples leaned upon the Master's  
breast,  
Because he lived beneath the charm of that divine  
behest,  
And thus, 'tis writ, he was "beloved," and that beyond  
the rest,  
So saw in vision super-clear, Jerusalem celeste.

Then she, who was a "sinner," did the old time spell  
repeat,  
And broke the alabaster box upon the sacred feet;  
She wiped them with the loosened coil of her luxuriant  
hair,  
The while forgiveness overlaid abandon of despair.

Twice, thrice, the pungent question smote upon apostle's  
ear  
For he had thrice surrendered to the demon of his fear.  
Dost thou love me, Simon Peter? and he was grieved  
sore:  
It might have softened heart of stone, the countenance  
he wore

To have that question so repeat, when he had answered  
"Yea,"  
Thou knowest all things, Lord Supreme: what need  
that I should say?



Three-fold denial slunk in shame before victorious tide  
Which washed the bases of that Rock on which the  
Church should bide.

He prayeth best who loveth best; not he who knoweth  
all,  
Or makes the knowledge of the schools his steady  
clarion call,  
For tho' the price of wisdom is beyond the costliest gem,  
'Twas richer prize a suppliant drew from Christus'  
garment hem.

Therefore the world, Seraphia, is not a world of lore,  
Beyond the tender mystery which promises much more;  
The glow of human *feeling* touches life's tumultuous sea  
With trail of that soft radiance that swept o'er Galilee.

Love cometh not with fire or sword, it knows no donjon  
keep—  
But 'tis a vernal equinox which makes the pulses leap;  
It *sounds* the sea, it *shapes* the shore; inspires the Written  
Word;  
Its nimbus is the borrowed light from glory of the Lord.

An ancient legend tells us that the Cherubim are wise,  
But the Seraphim are wiser with the love-light in their  
eyes;  
Tho' Cherubim may know the most of their celestial ken  
To Seraphim who love the most lift as devout Amen!

So love creates the atmosphere which wraps *this* world  
around  
With golden haze of sympathy because its woes abound;  
'Tis more than crest of heraldry on helmet or facade,  
The "Auld Lang Syne" that ripples in the song of  
Scotia's bard.

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1904

## PERSEVERANZA

"HE CAN, WHO THINKS HE CAN."

He can who *wisely* thinks he can  
(By following Nature's matchless plan),  
Espouse her sponsor calm and wise;  
St. Patience with the steadfast eyes,

Who teaches that an aeon-wait  
Is Heaven's calm leisure-estimate,  
For steady struggle brings results  
More sure than passage of the "cults."

The eyrie, which the eagle seeks  
And finds amid the Alpine peaks,  
Is reached by beat on beat of wing,  
As measured as a leopard's spring.

The honeysuckle yields its sweets  
To architects in summer heats,  
Who build wax palaces on lines  
Of mathematical designs.



Close serried sunbeams paint the flush  
Of Jacqueminot's vermilion blush  
Until each petal is a flame  
That syllables Jehovah's name.

The glaciers track their tardy ways  
Thro' myriads of winter days,  
While Gothic spires pierce vernal airs  
Because of him who does and dares.

Stone upon stone built stern Bastile;  
Blow upon blow of ringing steel  
Destroyed this feudal donjon keep  
In swift accord with curses deep.

For Right is slayer of the wrong  
While toning clash of battle song  
To oratorios of prayer  
Ere yet *Te Deums* rend the air.

Not only does a flag unfurled  
Denote the winning of a world,  
For neither spear nor shining blade  
Has won more victories than the spade.

The race not always to the swift;  
High tides sometimes set keels adrift;  
The conflict often skips the strong  
And laurel may not follow song.

For he who conquers in the strife  
On the Esdráelon of life,  
Needs not the white plume of Navarre  
While fixing eye on Bethlehem star.

Not best in tempest or by sword  
Is planted banner of the Lord,  
Melodious voice in Galilee  
Uncurled the combers of its sea.

Would'st know the magic of success,  
The carrying charm of righteousness?  
'Tis in the power to persevere  
Till feet are planted on Mt. Clear.

Till every clouded sky is blue,  
Shekinah glory shining thro',  
An apotheosis of light  
For those who champion the right.

Till Love has healed the scars of years,  
Till Hope is born of blood and tears,  
Till Faith becomes a rapture fine  
As this life lifts to life divine.

He is the most imperial man  
Who can because he thinks he can;  
For, knowing no such word as fail,  
Will find at last the Holy Grail.

Hers is the rare exquisite soul  
That plays its God-appointed role  
In most magnetic of all spheres  
The Home—on which the State uprears.

Perseveranza—name of spells  
Which should be carved on citadels  
Compelling as a child's caress;  
A "name to conjure with," no less.



1905

PURISSIMA

THE PURE IN HEART *FEEL* GOD.

It is a blissful knowledge that the pure in heart feel God,  
As daisies drink the sunshine in, that streams o'er April  
clod;  
They think a lark is singing as it never sang before,  
Are sure the ocean pulses some new rapture to the shore.

No summer is repeater of the summer that is past,  
For each new dispensation is diviner than the last  
To architects of character, who build from grace to grace,  
As model carves in ivory, or pattern meshes lace.

The miracle of blossoming, the anthem of the stars,  
The glory of Orion and the majesty of Mars,  
Are called by scholars science, but the pure in heart  
know more  
Than can be written in the tomes of demonstrated lore.

They speak an astral language of the high beatitude,  
That neither Greek nor Roman sage but partly under-  
stood;  
That there's divinity in stone when crowned by altar fire,  
Which is the symbol of a heart's unsatisfied desire.

They've called it Zeus or Jupiter; the Orientals call it  
Brahm;  
But it had all the sacredness of flashing oriflamme

To those who asked the question which opens sapphire  
door,  
Behind which radiance of the Lord doth on His saints  
outpour.

God seeks a world gone prodigal in painting, sculpture,  
song—  
In sighing of the weakest, as in battle of the strong;  
And he who sees like Galahad, can carry "grace of ten,"  
Because his heart is purest in the multitude of men.

The crystal *soul* interprets as no *brain* of master can,  
The love that bourgeoned underneath creation's splendid  
plan,  
When aeons wrote their records on the ruggedness of  
rocks,  
And tides were great time keepers or ever there were  
clocks.

The burning bush was visible, but only to the eyes  
Illumined with the holiness of that supreme surprise;  
The "simple life" in Galilee was known to chosen one,  
Who afterwards proclaimed he saw an angel in the sun.

In every aspiration there's a heavenly parole,  
Which opens out toward freedom of the throbbing over-  
soul;  
And lifts it on the crest of prayer toward the emerald  
throne,  
Where we shall find *that* Paradise expansion of our own.



For feel of God *is* Paradise, in deed as well as flower,  
Or even in a crown of thorns, as well as bridal dower;  
For every mind a kingdom is, self-governed and self-  
taught;  
Its only conquest is the charm which by itself is wrought.

Purissima beloved, as your mind is its own place,  
Let the beauty of the palace be reflected in your face;  
For because you *are* Queen's daughters, you would fain  
be pure in heart,  
That the feel of God within you set you from all sin  
apart.

Love is the glory centre of the world in which you live;  
What you get is much determined by the measure which  
you give.  
To the pure all things grow purer in material world  
we see,  
Till it glistens with some flash-lights of a broad eternity.

1906

## APPASSIONATA

NOT GAIN, BUT GIFT, IS BEST.

Superb, tho' mysterious, the gift we call life,  
So hot with the turmoil that opens its strife,  
The ruby of conflict glows red on its breast,  
And blood-stained the track of its holiest quest.

Boon, granted by Father to children of men,  
Who grip it with strength of Sir Galahad's ten;  
'Tis human to love it; diviner to give  
Its passion and pathos that others may live.

When lovers slip jewels on fingers of brides;  
When mothers wrap infants in love that abides,  
Then multiply chances for sacrifice sweet,  
A habit more sacred in constant repeat.

As sunsets trail sunsets in garments of fire;  
As tides their processions never retire;  
So nations "speak" nations in sorrow's accord,  
When swept by disaster to feet of the Lord.

As stars build their bridges of brilliants transverse;  
As proverbs set wisdom in speech that is terse,  
So deed which most matters on history's page,  
Is gauntlet thrown *down* for an *up*-lift of age.



As mountains raise altars cloud-smoked to the skies,  
And crowned with fresh flame of Aurora's sunrise,  
So saints of high thinking are never enthralled,  
And martyrs have answered when tyrants have  
called.

For splendor of Kings is to have and to hold,  
To pour their libations from goblet of gold;  
To triumph in purple, to banquet in white,  
As bells swing their carillons after the fight.

The great game of empire has captured the world—  
Wherever the races their flags have unfurled,  
The flutter of pennons, like winging of birds,  
Entice more to battle than fervor of words.

For Kings are but children when seeking their own;  
While asking for bread oft receiving a stone,  
And gaining to giving like shadow to shine,  
Oft finds there is wormwood in Victory's wine.

A continent even, discovered for Spain,  
To brave Genoese was both glory and pain.  
The woe of all Europe was cut to the soul,  
When he could no longer French eagles unroll.

The earth is a bauble; when once it is won,  
Another must follow, or winner's undone.  
The great Alexander, 'tis said, wept for "more,"  
Altho' his lance quivered in *one* world's heart core.

There's luster in conquest; more beauty in grace,  
Which bears some rare bounty to aliens of race,  
And knows to the fullest the consecrate art  
Of charming to rapture the broken in heart—

With gift of a presence, a smile or a tear,  
A word fitly spoken of marvelous cheer;  
The grasp of a hand so magnetic in touch,  
It carries a gospel of healing to such.

There is that increaseth, yet loseth the while,  
And not every giver is guiltless of guile.  
'Twas not a King's ransom that Jesus decreed  
Should blazon the world with a generous deed,

But mites of a widow who cast in her all,  
Regardless of what might in future befall,  
A token more rare and more royal in kind,  
Than giving of millions from millions behind.

Then, Seniors, you're richer than daughters of earls,  
Adorned with tiaras, or belted with pearls;  
And also more regal, if scattering broadcast  
That which may the wealth of the Indies outlast.

Now, unto the stature of woman she's grown,  
Appassionata comes into *her* own.  
Her title deed's writ in the language of lyres,  
If she can but conquer all selfish desires.



1907  
CELESTA

LOVE IS THE SUREST WINNER.

Its "still small voice" more sanely speaks  
Than thunder roll 'mid mountain peaks;  
Love lilts in every song of bird  
Which has responsive pulses stirred.

It braces every right'ous law,  
Spins romances without a flaw!  
There is no station, creed or clime  
Which does not trust its lift sublime.

It spreads a heaven about our feet  
'Ere we in Paradiso meet;  
It charges up earth-atmospheres  
With clearing showers of human tears.

It sometimes marries Kings and Queens,  
Uniting royal state desmesnes,  
But oftener crowns a village bride  
Queen of the blessings that abide.

It rocks the cradles of the poor  
And blazes in the Kohinoor;  
That *God* is Love all nature saith,  
Which flowers repeat with perfume breath.

It turned the water into wine,  
Which conscious blushed at word divine!  
It solves the riddle of the stars,  
The hectic of the planet Mars.

The rocks and rills—the forest trees,  
The hurricane, the summer breeze,  
In one orchestral music sweep  
Upbear the anthem of the deep.

It gilds the curve of every grave  
As sunshine does cathedral nave.  
It hews the stone and tips the spires,  
And heats the heart of altar fires.

'Tis mightiest in the mightiest when  
It stirs the souls of hero-men,  
Its fine beatitude of grace  
Most lovely in a woman's face.

It thunders in *some* battle guns,  
Which flash with splendors of the suns,  
When pouring out for truth and right,  
The smoke of Sinai's wondrous light!

For Love is Law, and Law is Love,  
Decrees the majesty above,  
Makes friend of foe with heavenly smile,  
(*Not* that of Sorceress of the Nile!)

It accents every infant's prayer,  
It squares the circle, rounds the square;  
It softens angles of a feud,  
And tempers every human mood.

It weather-gages every art,  
Quicksilvers every generous heart,  
Unshackles tired slaves of sin  
And lets the King of Glory in.



Who is this King of Glory—who?  
That makes such royal progress through  
From frigid to the torrid zone!  
In tragic world of passion's own?

The Bethlehem born—the Calvary torn,  
The Man of Sorrows bowed and worn,  
Crowned? aye, with thorns and ruby blood,  
Which no Sanhedrim understood.

Carissima Celesta called  
Your name, from self quite disenthralled,  
'Tis synonym of every role  
Which makes a sovereign of the soul.

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1908

ALDEN

Presentation of Harriet Newell Haskell  
Memorial Entrance.

Mine eyes have seen the *glory* of memorials for the dead,  
Because of hearts sob-shaken, and the tears that wait  
unshed;

A cave was called Machpelah, for therein a woman slept  
And did not waken at the call of patriarch who wept.

For since this brilliant star-dust has been thickly sown  
with sins,

Our losses write in requiems, while love and grief are  
twins;

It may be granite pillar, or a head stone in the grass,  
Which tells of "rest *in pace*" to all mourners as they  
pass.

More numerous than palaces are cenotaphs and towers,  
Which speak a tongue more eloquent than languages of  
flowers.

It may be English Westminster, or India's Taj Mahal,  
Or grand St. Peter's lordly dome, or Spain's Escorial;

Or Santa Croce beauteous, or Kremlin's minarets,  
They each and all are witnesses: when loyalty forgets  
The stars will jump their courses, or the rivers shun the  
sea

If there remain no crosses for the Christ of Calvary.

II.

Mine eyes have seen the *sadness* of memorials for the  
dead,

When there is only sighing, and no services are read.  
A waft of crape is floating loose beside a hovel door,  
A single rose bush blooming fresh upon a lonely moor.

A field of wheat may wave lament where that "Old  
Guard" went down,

While not an olive spreads above the grave on Nebo's  
crown;

It may be Doric column or the curves of Angelo,  
All tell the self-same story of the weight of human woe.



It may be brush of painter, or the magic of the pen  
That tries to soften tragedy, which broods the race of  
men;  
Perchance a strain of music, or the wealth of spoken  
word  
That phrases a beatitude wherever it is heard.

III.

But this memorial differs, for 'tis not a pilgrim's shrine,  
Nor yet a mausoleum, with its sculpturesque design;  
Instead, a stately portal, with a name graved on the  
stones  
Which always will be spoken in our hushed and reverent  
tones.

The name of Her who builded so much better than she  
knew,  
Not only temple made with hands but life so rich and  
true.  
'Tis meet that all who enter here, in future that awaits,  
Should pass as if on "holy ground" Memorial Haskell  
Gates.

'Tis well that proud processional of those who've gone  
before  
Have set this gate imperial before her palace door;  
That those who're coming after can discern a Queen's  
domain,  
And not the sad reminder of Death's separation pain.

So our eyes have seen the beauty of this tribute to a soul  
That made life an evangel by its pure symmetric whole;  
Far finer than escutcheon of a Romanoff or Guelph,  
Or any shaft in Pere Lachaise, this charmed life itself.

IV.

And now, beloved Seniors, you are called to consecrate  
By order of your going this dedication date,  
You stand as sponsors privileged, this class of nineteen  
eight  
And while in tender lingering you sad farewells await.

You bow your heads in reverence, and utter earnest  
prayer  
That you may carry worthily this honor that you wear;  
And count it sacred as a vow before an altar shrine,  
Or holy as the touch of lip to Sacramental Wine.

In the fragrance of the roses on your graduation day  
You lift a double coronal, with none to say you nay;  
Her cypress and your laurel, each will bloom an Immor-  
telle  
When transplanted to the gardens of our Lord Emmanuel.

Then light shall flash upon you, that is not of land or sea,  
In the rapture of a vision that shall come to you and me,  
When the gates of pearl swing open, and the rainbow  
round the throne  
Is the *second* "bow of promise" that the King will save  
His own.



1909

## HONOR

THE CROWN JEWEL OF CHARACTER.

There is still a higher value than the valor of the brave,  
Or glory of the Angelo on span of architrave;  
As touching as the litany that passes infant lips,  
Or beauty of fair Helen's face, that launched a thousand  
ships.

As delicate as gossamer that veils Titania's hair,  
And strong as are the staunchions of Beelzebub's despair,  
As musical as utterance of lovers' honied vows,  
Or eloquent as lines of care on anxious mother-brows—

Not to be had for asking: it is bred within the bone;  
Is heard in accents feminine, or in a baritone.  
You can wear it as a ruby, or betray it with a kiss;  
It lies in every pathway; yet so *easy* 'tis to miss!

One reads the tale in legends fair of Knights of Camelot,  
Or in the tragedy time-sad of lost Iscariot;  
It is the crest of character, the patent of noblesse,  
As bright as is Damascus blade, or soft as a caress.

It arabesques in story, and it throbs in lyric line,  
It is the key of drama, and the lift of epic fine;  
But better still it carries in the swift impetuous deed  
That knows no racial cleavage as it spurns the ban of creed.

It is the grace of woman-kind; the glory of the man;  
Its peerage has been running since this dear old world  
began;  
Its reward a golden medal, or a rare Victoria Cross,  
For holding strong and steady as the wing of albatross.

It may win out on the battle-field, or nestle in a cot,  
But whether here or elsewhere no prestige is forgot.  
When each man is a brother, then shall blossom flower  
of God  
From seed of immortality—tho' buried 'neath the sod.

It can be taught in ethics—as in systems of the "schools,"  
Tho' often 'tis vouchsafed to those sometimes considered  
fools;  
It sitteth in the Heavens, tho' it had a hold on Hell,  
For Abdiel was "faithful found" among the peers that  
fell.

All womanhood must seek her own—her heritage  
divine—  
And pattern in her saintly life, this deftly wrought design;  
Tho' not a sweep of satin, or a mist of filmy lace  
'Twill shape contours of artistry in that sweet picture-  
face

Which radiates nobility, with honor's high emprise  
That speaks for truth and equity in trust-compelling  
eyes;



For no diplomacy on earth can cope with him who  
    "swears  
To his own hurt" and changes not, but the tiara wears

Of such a safe integrity that sooner might the sun  
Forget to climb meridian, than such a stalwart one  
Turn traitor to his own white plume and trail it in the  
    mire  
Where bide the fiends insatiable of unrest and desire.

So listen, fair Carissima, Queen by divinest right  
That ever crowned a woman, her matchless *moral* might,  
Which *has* moved fleets and armies, and rocked the  
    thrones of Kings,  
And evermore is pulsing at the very heart of things.

Tho' she writes no master poems she inspires the men  
    who do;  
She can *ask* no man in marriage, but wins Emperors  
    to woo;  
She may not get the "Suffrage," but she's power behind  
    the polls,  
While her rhetoric gilds and percolates the logic of high  
    souls.

Carissima, a virgin yet untouched by trace of guile,  
A Vestal knowing nothing of coy enchantress-sinile,  
"Match up" superb traditions, and on your standards  
    blaze  
The Kohinoor of Honor, which *all* the nations praise.

Honoraria,—let me write it, in life-blood of my soul,  
And add to other class names, tho' on my *private* scroll;  
Not Naomi's entreaty—but Ruth's heart-whole decree,  
I'll phrase in love-locked whisper—"Till Death part thee  
    and me!"



Alumnae Poems



## ST. LOUIS ALUMNAE

May 8, 1890

Hail, loves of Monticello! yet lament is in the air;  
Its grand old towers have toppled down: but shall we  
then despair?

We listen for some comforting; it comes—a woman's  
voice;\*

Tho' sleeping 'neath spring violets, she bids us still  
rejoice.

Her life was such evangel to her lover and her lord,  
Her every wish such sacrament, his law her lightest  
word—

That when the angel Azrael, with burnished swift sword  
Cut loose with God's great tenderness the shining, silver  
cord—

The mourner 'makes memorial our golden gates of  
prayer,

Thus lifting Monticello toward her palaces of air;  
He raises mausoleum in the wafture of our song,  
Than cenotaph 'tis tenderer, which to the dead belong.

Such love is more than sacrifice; no sacrifice it knows  
In royalty of giving when like princess it bestows;  
It buildeth not like Westminster, but turrets of Milan,  
It knows nor crypt nor sepulcher, this love Saturnian.

---

\*Mrs. Eleanor Irwin Reid.



But still our tale is sorrowful of that unhappy night,  
When velvet of the shadows soft was torn by spears of  
light,  
When demons of that holocaust breathed on the wealth  
of years,  
And it became a weath of smoke, despite all cries and  
tears.

But fifty years of service need not fear the tongue of  
flame;  
No fire can curl the history of such undying fame.  
The breath of Monticello's name is like perfumes of Ind,  
Which only whisper secrets to caress of Southern wind.

Her palace was not porphyry nor were its gates of gold;  
Her richest principality was neither bought nor sold;  
Her kingdom cannot be destroyed, its titles earth outrun,  
Appeals she not for lineage to "witness of the sun?"

No! Monticello did not burn; her daughters walk in  
white  
Because of her benignity, each one cosmopolite;  
The grace of children of the Queen can never be  
consumed,  
Because in love's high altitude like edelweiss it bloomed.

The past will write its epitaph on hearts now gathered  
here,  
The prostrate Monticello was the one we did revere;  
But we catch the Gabriel whisper of a gospel yet to be  
In a temple much more stately, and more beautiful to see.

Forgetting then the things behind, we must press on  
before,  
The future Monticello wants a more extended lore;  
But hearts can not be broader than those crystal hearts of  
old  
That set the ancient landmarks with a constancy untold.

So on this day of banqueting our Monticello waits  
Between completed history and her restored estates;  
A sword of flame must guard the one; but still our hope  
compels  
Annunciation lilies in the place of asphodels.

---

## ST LOUIS ALUMNAE

May, 1901

Alumnæ girls! dear Queens of May,  
Another Coronation Day!  
The day of all the year the best  
Thus set apart by Love's behest

For Festival of finer things  
Than any that Apollo brings;  
As clasping hands and throbbing hearts  
Diviner seem than all the arts.

The call of Angelus to prayer  
Is echo from some "other where,"  
While chime that peals an "Auld lang syne"  
Rings on this earth's meridian line.



So "Gloria in Excelsis" floats  
Within your souls its rapture notes  
That Monticello girls hold true  
To friendships old, yet ever *new*!

The joy of each is joy of all;  
Tho' loving cup may be of gall  
That to another lip is pressed,  
But which when shared is therefore blessed.

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## CHICAGO and NEW YORK ALUMNAE

H. N. H. Memorial  
1908

### I.

Hers was ideal living, so pure, so winsome wise,  
It seemed a wonder-study continuous in surprise;  
Her very touch was tonic—exhilarant as wine,  
With magnetism richer than blood of royal line.

She carried wealth of sunshine in every word and look,  
Her heart read like the pages of an illumined book;  
Her *love* was sure as rose beneath the skies of June,  
Her counsels were as mellow as measures of a tune.

Her *faith* was steady beacon o'er life's tumultuous brine,  
Or steadfast as the needles of any mountain pine;  
Her *hope* glowed like a ruby 'neath blaze of morning light,  
Or as an emerald flashes mid tapers of the night.

She was at one with pleasure, yet in accord with grief,  
She saw in each soul-model both low and high relief;  
As buoyant as a paean, but serious as a prayer,  
She knew related values and gave to each its share.

As generous as sea-foam, her "mine" was always "thine,"  
She "sealed" no private treasures with cabalistic sign!  
The fires were ever burning upon her vestal shrine  
That made her lib'ral giving seem privilege divine.

### II.

Hers was ideal dying; like afterglow of eve  
That brings from noon-tide fevers such exquisite reprieve;  
(My hand was last in clasping hers cooling 'neath my  
touch.  
Was ever mortal anguish to be compared with such?)

Yet 'twas ideal dying; some angel swept his wing  
Across those classic features as if enspiriting  
With heavenly grace the passing of finished *human* fate  
Into the broader reaches of more majestic state.

Yes, 'twas ideal dying, her shallop "crossed the Bar"  
Toward sea's unruffled splendors since light of Bethle-  
hem star;

Who walked upon *those* waters in tempests of affright  
Toward Azrael's holy silence mid "calms" of pure delight.

There were no farewells *spoken*, for music of the spheres  
Gave pledges of a dawning beyond these mortal years,



When welcomes shall be ringing instead of drear  
good-byes,  
For Calvary has promised that all the dead shall rise.

'Tis *all* ideal dying—the Resurrection morn  
Shows *all the world* an Eden in which mankind was born;  
We weep meanwhile, forgetting that glory on the sea  
Which trailed the silver treading of God of Galilee.

PENDANT.

When water color dainty hangs by a big cartoon,  
They emphasize each other 'neath "high lights" of the  
noon;  
The greater shall not shadow the beauty of the less,  
So feel with me the rapture of this farewell caress.

For her who followed after, our pure Elizabeth,  
Now clothed in nimbus garments of such transparent  
death;  
'Tis only her transference to Gardens of the Blest  
Where she has done with sighing because the weary *rest*.

SPRINGFIELD ALUMNAE

May 27, 1908

Memorial—H. N. H.

*Dear Springfield Girls:*

My Loving Cup is upside down!  
Its wine was spilled for *you*.  
The Springfield girls were near my heart,  
When those two poems grew!  
But Loving Cup can fill again,  
Its wine be poured anew!

Because a presence at your feast  
In angel guise appears;  
Altho' you do not *see* her form  
Thro' mist of running tears;  
But Holy Grails are more than one  
Since Galilean years!

Therefore your chalice brims to-day  
With nectar, not with gall;  
For all the memories are choice  
That *you* this hour recall.  
Now she is with you, crowned with stars,  
Not 'neath a burial pall.

Your banquet never held before  
Such an Imperial guest:  
And honor far beyond the ken  
Of any mortal guest,  
This banquet of her living girls  
While *she* is laid to rest!



But *not* her *soul*; 'tis with you still,  
For how can you forget  
The glory of her gracious smile  
Although your eyes are wet?  
She holds you in as close embrace  
As when your kisses met!

And so, dear girls, tho' 'tis my *last*,  
'Tis not my *weakest* song;  
For love is still the tidal wave  
That bears its note along—  
And tidal waves set no degrees  
While *every one* is strong,

Because it sweeps from *middle* seas;  
Behind the fret of shore  
When might of sovereign mandate  
Its cradle evermore,—  
So this "last lay" is tidal *sweet*,  
For "auld lang synes" before!

And you shall have this "special" line;  
No "duplicate" at all;  
When lovers gather round *my* shrine  
Whatever fears befall,  
I pull together vagrant wits  
And "rally" at their call.

So thank you for *your own* request;  
It made me almost gay  
To hope that I may *sometime* sing  
In the old gladsome way :—  
Do think me *now* as *heretofore*  
Your minstrel,  
E. G. A.

## PENDANT.

I shall be with you at the feast,  
And could my tears baptize,  
I'd "shake" the "holy water" from  
My ever-flooded eyes,  
For crystal-pure Elizabeth,  
Now grown so seraph-wise.

Borrowed from Shakespeare, who says of Cordelia (Lear):  
"She shook the holy water from her heavenly eyes!"

## ST. LOUIS

Memorial—1908

You, dear Hearts, have asked a poem  
From my tired, staggering pen;  
But I scarcely have the courage  
To respond to you again—

Yet perhaps it is a "swan-song"  
For my Monticello girls!  
Would it were more classic music,  
Every note as round as pearls.



Do you ask a dirge pathetic  
With its complement of tears?  
Or a sweep of drama telling  
Tragedy of mortal years?

Or perchance a tender lyric  
Fresh as robins' first spring song;  
Or an ode triumphant swelling  
\*Dryden-esque—because so strong.

Peradventure *group* of sonnets  
With their silver-satin sheen,  
Worthy to be spirit-bearers  
For a jubilee of Queen.

There remains the epic stately  
With the tense Miltonic line,  
'Neath it all the subtle carry  
Of Redemption's vast design.

No—ah, no—you want a paeàn  
With its victory note of cheer,  
Or a bugle call to battle  
Led by trumpet-clarion clear!

*More* than *these*—you wish the story  
Of *Her* simple charmed life  
Whose "high thinking" marked *you* better  
Maiden, daughter, mother, wife.

\*Dryden's Ode on St. Cecilia's Day.

She made Monticello "home-ing"  
Next your own, so temple-pure  
That its bliss yourselves have captured  
As a talisman secure.

But you know that tale already,  
For 'twas lived within your sight,  
Fresh as morning, calm as evening,  
Sunshine, star-shine, glory light.

Mother—friend—and now our seraph  
Does she hover here to-day?  
Whisp'ring thro' a quivering harp-string—  
Oh beloved—who can say?

But a *new* régime now claims you,—  
See you're loyal to the trust;  
Take her "oath of office" on you  
Speaking it above her dust.

Now she talks angelic language,  
Tongue her lovers understand,  
For she touches us beloved  
Tho' she leads some other band.

While *she* walks in golden weather  
Grief tempestuous round *me* whirls—  
May we *neither* be forgotten  
By *our* Monticello girls!



PENDANT.

As medallion against statue  
Knows no terms of great or small,  
Listen to a final stanza  
With its last imploring call.

To the one who followed after,  
"Sonsie," sweet Elizabeth—  
Are you present, now you're wearing  
Nimbus drapery of death?

---

ST. LOUIS

1909

"The voice of the turtle is heard in the land!"  
As tides spread spun silver on coast-line and strand;  
But "call of the blood" is more witching to me  
Than summons compelling by land or by sea;

For "Riddle of Sphinx" must run gamut of love  
From song of archangel to cooing of dove;  
A lift of the eye-brow, or sob in the throat,  
What joy or what sorrow does either denote!

An echo of laughter—a tell-tale of tear,  
Are both *undertowing* some key-note of fear,  
For life is a wizard, her "presto" so swift,  
Her sunbeams and shadows alternately sift

From Angelus music to note of a dirge  
Until we are treading the crystalline verge  
Of country where neither is crying nor tears,  
But glory of God is the joy of the spheres.

Now—list to my barcarole—babes of the shore,  
For we are all children—tho' school time is o'er;  
"Of such is the Kingdom"—a heritage sure  
As has ever been promised to all who are pure.

So "Grown-ups," I hold you are still in my class,  
And if you should ask me—how comes it to pass?  
She told me the secret, the Sphinx I have named,  
And says they are valid, the rights I have claimed.

For you are forever the fair Damozels  
Who once cast about me such magical spells  
That I cannot break them; oh—not that I *would*  
Endeavor to scatter that glorious brood

Of sanctified mem'ries, like faces around  
A Raphael Madonna—with never a *sound*  
But questioning eyes—What bears she in arms,  
So safely enshrined from all earthly alarms?

The Babe of the Manger—Star-Child of the earth  
Since chanting of angels at Bethlehem Birth;  
Who lifted all motherhood close to the Throne  
In name of Jehovah Who sitteth thereon.



And teachers *are* mothers of budding ideas  
As they pass to your keeping the wisdom of seers;  
They cradled your spirits, and tho' in disguise,  
They trained you, and fed you, and begged you be  
wise;

And therefore I claim that I've mothered you each  
And you cannot wander far out of my reach;  
Your dear Alma Mater—Madonna of souls  
Who won you to Queen-ship in finest of roles.

The role of a woman who walketh the world  
And Empress un-crowned—with no banner unfurled,  
But whose touch most electric thrills magic in men  
And crowns Imperators with *her* "strength of ten!"

Dear daughters by "patent"—and also by grace,  
There's no separation by time or by space;  
Remember you carry class motto and name  
More vital than any of royal acclaim,

Because inspirations—nerve centres of thought  
With which fine endeavor must always be fraught  
As tapestries splendid traced Gobelin design  
And water once blushed into Galilee wine.

All lofty ideals beget noble deeds  
Which hold "in solution" the outcome of creeds;  
A *name* is a conjurer—say what you will,  
And *motto*—a text for a *life* to fulfil.

## NEW YORK

1909

A breeze on my forehead—song ripples in air,  
A Lady is coming, with mien debonair,  
Her foot-fall is tracing in tenderest green,  
She walks like a Princess—so soon to be Queen,—

But while she speaks softly the language of flowers  
And breathes the drip-music of equinox showers,  
She heralds the Banquet of dear "auld lang syne"  
When life was a carnival, sparkling like wine.

So woman Manhattan—you flutter like doves  
To windows memorial of earlier loves,  
Whose colors are mellowed by time and by tears,  
As well as by laughter, and passage of years—

For friendships of girlhood, tho' writ on no page,  
O'ervalue by far the cool 'quaintance of age;  
Their sentiment pledges now royal salutes,  
In tones as enticing as gamut of flutes.

So listen to matins that crowd in my throat,  
Compelling as skylarks' aerial note;  
As also to vespers when even-tide tells  
A calm "Now I lay me" to chiming of bells.

You'll never, no never, dear girls of my dreams,  
Drop out of my vision, so blessed it seems,  
Of times and of seasons that swim in my brain  
Like fancies of Chaucer in Fairy Queen's train.



You dwell in my palace of Rev'rie by day,  
A troop of fair damsels so lissome and gay;  
You walk in my garden, mid hushes of night,  
As *women* now crowned with tiaras of light.

So what can I send you this day *but* a song  
That ought to be borne by an organ along,  
Or prayer? which might traverse the Courts of the  
    Lord,  
If only it carried on violin chord.

But yet Vox Humana surpasses all arts  
Imperatrice ever of subjugate hearts;  
A word—it has conquered when bayonets failed,  
Its accents more potent as spirit prevailed;

The *spirit*—that needeth no token or sign  
Nor even the incense of altar divine  
Nor lift of a grand oratorio score,  
But only the murmur of soft  
                    con amore!

## CHICAGO

1909

The note of a robin this morning I heard;  
What meant it, bethink you, in throat of that bird?  
The gath'ring of clans—in the East and the West,  
And how can I tell you which one I love best?

The bright constellations in Heaven's blue sky  
Can't challenge each other—Behold, it is I!  
Orion can never steal Pleiades' charm,  
Lest Cassiopoia sound note of alarm.

As Spring sets the bobolinks all "a la" trill,  
I feel the old quiver at point of my quill,  
While mem'ries beset me behind and before,  
To fling it wide open—the opaline door

That shuts away present from sanctified past  
Which shadows of sorrow have thickly o'ercast;  
But sunshine invades it, at loyalty's lure,  
For vows of "Round Table" must ever endure.

And tho' you're not Knights of Arthurian court,  
You're peeresses each by some regal support  
Of justice or power or true love's behest,  
The third of the trio, the safest and best,—

For it is magician—since dawn of the world  
When God in the Garden the roses uncurled;  
While Time is its magnet, and *not* its *detent*;  
A rock of the Ages no angel has rent.



So, girls of the Mid-land, tho' years may divide,  
There'll never be canyon so yawning or wide  
That I cannot cross it, by "wireless," without  
A question of distance, or shadow of doubt,

Till Jordan's clear River shall eddy between  
In musical whispers of country unseen,  
A beautiful country—the "Land of the Leal,"  
Which vision did exile on Patmos reveal;

And as I've ne'er failed you in Land of the Lone  
Where loss is so heavy that speech is a moan,  
I'll greet you in gladness in Land of Delight,  
Where glory of God lifts the curtains of night.

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## SPRINGFIELD

1909

I send you here a Token  
Lest you forget me quite,  
A heart-some, soul-some greeting  
In name of Prince of Light;

In name of Monticello,  
In name of her enskied;  
For love well-born is ever  
Sure as Atlantic tide,—

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While Time's well-sworn allegiance  
Is staunch as a rib of steel,  
And rides an ocean crescent  
Like Battle Liner's keel.

I would not let you gather  
Without a "Hail" from me,  
Not while my barque is tossing  
On Life's tumultuous sea.

We track that "Main" together  
But miss one shining sail  
Now on the silent river  
(With no disturbing gale)

Which flows as clear as crystal  
From round the Throne of God,  
Close measured by an angel  
With "reed that was like a rod."\*

I need not ask permission,  
Because invited guest  
To sit at your board Elysian  
My royal right confessed

To sorrowful coronation  
In grief's imperial court  
Which has its secret service  
But knows no open port!

---

\*Rev. xi.-1.

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'Tis not a plaint I'm phrasing,  
But only Easter call;  
Your "Health" in wine which carries  
No drop that might be gall

But sparkles to very center  
Of Life's deep Loving Cup  
And foams with surface silver  
From mem'ries bubbling up,—

Your "Health"—in this song-sermon  
As also breath of prayer  
'Till final benediction  
Floats out upon the air.

Can Azrael ever quench them,  
These loves that so abide?  
Ah no! They blaze a passage  
Across the Great Divide!

Because they're born of passion,  
Passion of wise desire  
To kindle in the bosom  
A spark of heavenly fire

That star in the East discovers,  
That shepherds of Bethlehem find,  
Which in the earlier ages  
The burning Bush outlined.

## SOUTHWEST

1909

TO  
MONTICELLO ASSOCIATION OF THE SOUTHWEST.  
GREETING:

You want a magic "wireless"  
From coasts of Long Ago?  
Those surging tides compel me  
With ceaseless ebb and flow

To heed your slightest whisper,  
Your lightest wish fulfill;  
For "call of blood" will ever  
Make pulse electric thrill,

As sun-waves coax the daisies  
From dreams beneath the sod,  
Because those vernal breezes  
Are priestesses of God,

So, loves of Monticello  
Bind in such close embrace  
My precious brain collection  
Holds ne'er a *fading* face.

More "fast" than Rare Old Masters  
In Gall'ries of the Louvre  
Those hues of eye and eye lash  
Most surely serve to prove



No Goddess poses model  
As fine as living girl  
Who flashes glances at you  
O'er cheek of pink and pearl.

Your *smiles*? They dance and flicker  
About the curving mouth;  
Coquet in sauciest manner  
Like birdlings of the south.

Your *frowns*? They were so lacey,  
Like mists across the moon,  
That tho' they made me quiver  
They *vanished* all so soon,

I then forgot my terror,  
Thought I was teaching "saints,"  
You looked so sweet, like cherubs,  
The ones that Raphael paints.

Your voices echo chanting  
Like chime of morning bells;  
Tho' now you're really *women*  
Immortal Damosels,—

For you have *found* the "Fountain"  
Of a perpetual "Youth;"  
No more elusive legend,  
But an abiding truth.

You walk in my dream pictures  
Forever a shining troop  
As any in art Italian  
Or fair Correggio group:

And in *heart* Escorial  
You each remain the same;  
And I shall ever call you  
By your *school*-maiden name.

And when I'm 'neath the grasses,  
My sands of life *all* run,  
I'll wait your white procession  
To Towers beyond the sun.

---

1910

TO EACH ALUMNAE SOCIETY\*—  
GREETING

Does absence chill affection or the years purloin the  
loves  
That rustle in the "gloaming" like wings of homing  
doves?  
Do tides forget their insweep upon expectant shore?  
Or flowers withhold their incense because they've  
bloomed before?

Does sunrise scant vermillions upon Aurora's crest?  
Or sunset pale its splendors in "atelier" of the West,



Since evening and the morning were proclaimed the  
primal day,  
Or blazed the shining trail above, we call the Milky  
Way?

Do stars blot out their brilliance because Arcturus glows  
With all the ancient splendor as when it first arose?  
Do birds choke back their carols because the nightin-  
gales  
Still trill the careless rapture that breathes in fairy tales?

Do gems diminish lustre as centuries march on  
Since first on India's bosom a blood red ruby shone?  
Has childhood ceased its prattle since from the bulrush  
ark  
The wail of Hebrew nursling fell on Egyptian dark?

Have lovers lost their magnets since Romeo was born  
To lose Verona's jewel in *that* lark-matined morn?  
Have martyrs lost high prestige since the Crescent and  
the Cross  
Have each borne shuddering witness to sublimity of  
loss?

Have mothers spent their lullabies since Hagar went  
afield,  
Or in the pure Madonna heart a secret lay concealed?  
Have fathers lost their tenderness since that distracted  
one  
Who pierced the Heavens with loud lament, "Oh  
Absalom, my son!"

Can friendship miss the aroma that once has floated o'er  
Selected souls in sweet accord behind the golden door  
That shuts so close and noiselessly upon the sacred  
shrine  
That builded white as lilies were in Easters of Lang-  
syne?

Ah no, this mortal coil is oft repeater sweet  
Of things that make for righteousness thrice blest by  
Paraclete,  
The values patented by Time pay priceless dividends  
Of faith and hope and charity until life's pageant ends.

And so once more you meet and part and part to meet  
again  
To taste the cup of pleasure and the crucible of pain,  
For loves of earth are born in Heaven and cradled in  
the skies  
And come to lone mortality as angels in disguise.

As oft you come together you'll find it to be true  
That in the preciousness of things there's nothing very  
*new*,  
But *old* as the eternal hills, unworn as mountains are,  
And fixed beyond all chance of change as is the Northern  
Star.

'Twas not amiss the haunting spell of search for Holy  
Grail  
Which hid the mystery of God as did the Temple Veil;  
For majesty of ancient Law by Gospel-grace imperaled  
Made Sinai stern and Calvary sad the pillars of the  
world;



While Tabor's height a sapphire glowed in circumam-  
bient air  
Because twin prophets with their Lord were holding  
converse there,  
While the disciples spent with fear knelt noiselessly and  
prayed;  
To look upon transfigured ones, who would not be  
afraid?

This trinity of mountain tops proclaims Love's victory  
won  
As oft as wave upon their peaks the banners of the sun,  
For life is *found* by life that's *lost*—a paradox benign  
By which it lifts to Sacrament—Communion Bread and  
Wine.

So once again hand clasps are close as in thy vanished  
past  
For such as these no tragedy can ever overcast  
In name of Her who spake our speech and knew love's  
largesse fine,  
You utter now the "welcome" which seems almost  
divine.

As foreword to that country we "Cross the Bar" to  
seek,  
When to the Vale of shadows we final "farewell" speak  
In accents that are musical as they perforce intone  
The hallelujah "welcome" of a Paradiso Zone!

\*New York, Chicago, Springfield, St. Louis, Kansas City and Southwestern.

## Memorials



## PHILENA FOBES

### A Meditation

Had she that fine austerity of grace  
Which clothed Greek goddess of Ionic race,  
Or was it vestal dignity of mien,  
Like born composure of a Roman Queen?

'Twas neither Attic pose nor Tuscan pride,  
Nor any studied stateliness beside  
That touched her nature as with molten gold,  
Like Feudal woman in the days of old.

For more than either, she was Christian-pure,  
Beyond all others shall this charm endure;  
Tho' not electing to be wedded wife,  
She lives as broad, as beautiful a life,

And nourished souls as sunshine does the flowers,  
Giving to maidens consecrated dowers—  
Who, when young mothers, their sweet girlhood  
gone,

Passed reverently the potent precept on,

More precious than a legacy of gems,  
Or the cold splendor of stiff diadems  
Because an open "sesame" to hearts,  
Whose loving service is the queen of arts.

Thus she repeats in fashion high and chaste  
The rarer "lifts" of her developed taste,  
In all the souls that heeded her behest  
As moonbeams scatter on a billow's crest.



There is nor pen, nor tongue, nor time, nor place,  
To teach enchantment of Corinthian vase;  
Or airier beauty of Venetian lace,  
Or that which glorifies a woman's face.

There is no line of poetry or prose  
To speak the *perfume* of a garden rose;  
No more can any tribute phrase the worth  
Which is most exquisite upon the earth.

Her life was "classic," in her rounded thought  
Conserved all values that experience brought,  
Till, posed in spirit, and beyond defeat,  
She was right royal, and could victors greet.

And so she listened for the "homing call,"  
That clear swift summons which must come to all,  
Her dear death angel the stern secret kept,  
But lightly touched her, and she softly slept.

With purple band across her placid breast,  
Her busy hands now folded into rest,  
Balsam and barberries on her casket wreathed  
(Because their fragrance she in childhood  
breathed),

At sunset, as befitted, she was laid  
Beside the friend\* her earlier years had made.  
Her charm to later lovers ne'er shall cease,  
Who there resigned her to seraphic peace.

\*Sarah Eaton.

REV. A. T. NORTON, D.D.,

For Thirty-six Years the Honored Trustee of Monticello  
Seminary.

Aye! the world seems waxing poorer by the loss of  
stalwart men,  
Men of might whose grand proportions we may ne'er  
discern again.  
When a vet'ran breaks the column of the Old Imperial  
Guard—  
Blow that fells the splendid athlete, strikes his brave  
survivors hard.

Not so sterling old Goliath,  
With his spear like weavers beam,  
As was he, our Christian victor,  
Knight of Truth, to Right redeem.  
Heart and hands and prudent counsels were as clean as  
driven snow,  
And reward that now awaits him only purest angels  
know.

Smile as rare as gentlest woman's swept that square and  
granite face,  
Like the sunshine on the mountains which their rugged  
peaks embrace.  
But like Paul, the chaste apostle, kept he pure the ancient  
faith;  
Heeding naught but sturdy doctrine—not a sentimental  
wraith.



Stronger foe was never Luther,  
With his pamphlet or his speech,  
Than this omnipresent hero  
Standing in the open breach,  
Fighting back the shuffling legions of all heretics at large.  
With no other call of battle than the old imperious  
"CHARGE!"

Yet the valiant Gospel warrior at the last has "grounded  
arms,"  
Turning deafer ear than ever to the world's perplexed  
alarms;  
But a young and strong Immortal he is ravished now  
with sound,  
And the joy gives birth to rapture that the lost, at  
length, is found.

Not a gladder saint in glory,  
Casts his crown before the Throne,  
For adown the sure forever  
ALL his powers are sealed his own.  
Do we mourn exchange so blessed? Sound for silence?  
Health for pain?  
Would we call departed champion back to his STILL  
earth again?

For the warrior now is girded with the sword of  
cherubim,  
And the loss to earthly mourners is a joyful gain to him.  
Cease the sad lament of dirges, chant a soft melodious  
psalm,  
As a seraph scores his triumph—waves aloft a con-  
queror's palm

'Bove the laurel of the winner  
In the old Olympic games,  
For no sounder zeal was Peter's,  
And no tenser works were James'!  
Now he walks in Raphael's heaven, bounding close our  
azure dome,  
Warfare all accomplished safely, and the King has called  
him home!  
But this day let Monticello mourn within her open gates,  
Him so long the trusted guardian of her fair and broad  
estates;  
She laments a staunch supporter more than any verse  
can tell,  
WORDS are powerless to measure this lost "Prince of  
Israel!"

\* \* \* \* \*

And so SOON a silver summons sounding sweeter than  
before,  
Softly calls a "Little Pilgrim" tired, way-worn, and  
heart-sore,  
And she walks in white beside him, golden streets of  
city blest,  
Where all trials cease their troubling and the weary ARE  
"at rest!"\*

\*Belle R. Norton (Class of 1869.)



LUCY LARCOM,

Died April 17th, 1893

A PURE LIFE STUDY

A cameo life she lifts from level greys  
Of granite circumstance, Relief which lays  
As white as marble under sculptor's touch,  
But never cold, because she loved so much;  
For on its graceful curves and chaste design  
Emotions play, as when spring suns incline  
Adown the golden spheroid of the West,  
Curling some breaker's hyacinthine crest  
With rose tints, that a Raphael often sought,  
And sometime, by an inspiration, caught.

She moulded purpose as the earnest do  
With finer models than she ever knew,  
Then, like a lover, o'er the image wrought,  
She breathed the beauty of her secret thought  
Until her pulses leapt with life's rich wine  
Which made existence, sacrament divine.  
In Paradiso, won by Holy Grail,  
From desolation of sin's aspic trail  
When to such art, religion gives her hand,  
Behold a beauteous woman, nobly planned.

She fashioned living as the loyal do  
To those ideals that are grand and true;  
Then, a sweet "purist" she informed the whole  
With all her wide sincerity of soul  
No deed of hers without some color tone  
Of warm and mellow temperamental zone;

So walks my lady, in her rain-bow world  
And though for her no banner is unfurled,  
We know by passage of her od'rous foot  
Where gentlest graces sink the deepest root.

She wrote as all spontaneous poets do  
For whom the old score beats some measure new,  
And left us the white wonder of a book  
So pure, that when we now its page o'er look  
We trace heaven's soft melodious alphabet  
Wherein most silvern of her lines was set;  
Her visions crowded on her, for she dwelt  
Where highest values were not seen but felt,  
And like The Dreamer, wrought a work apart  
In that 'tis touched by magnet of her heart.  
And all because she lived, as women do  
Who carry spices and are swift to view  
The graves where their illusions oft have lain,  
But phrase a gospel underneath the pain.  
She knew Rabboni as a lark knows light,  
No sign celestial e'er escaped her sight,  
"As 'tis in heaven" she prayed long, long before  
She caught the harping of its happy shore,  
And so, Gate Beautiful, for her swung wide,  
That Love, the Bridegroom, might embrace such  
Bride.



ELEANOR IRWIN REID

To W. H. R.

You plucked a Rose!  
And held it in your steady hand,  
A Rose to bloom as you had planned  
At your command!

You named a Star!  
In all Heaven's wide and brilliant sphere  
Not e'en the Pleiads shone so clear  
Or so a-near!

You caught a Song!  
A bright cadenza unto you!  
Each even-tide a coral new  
Which sweeter grew.

You claimed a Pearl!  
Not Raleigh's doublet flashed such gem!  
Nor did there gleam on Levite's hem,  
Or diadem

Of Judah's King  
So fine a jewel or so rare  
As this you were so proud to wear,  
And could not spare.

So loved! so lost!  
That gem, that song, that star, that flower,  
That rapture of Love's Bridal Bower,  
In one brief hour.

But still so safe  
This phantom wife on spirit shore,  
That should you tell the story o'er  
You'd not implore

To call her back,  
This lithe and sainted Damozel,  
O'er whom the velvet pinion fell  
Of Azrael!

Death angel here!  
But there the Prince of Immortelles,  
Who catches first melodious swells  
Of unseen bells

Which vibrate soft  
When fog of anguish disappears  
In those serener atmospheres  
Beyond our tears.

So loved and saved!  
Unmindful of these broken fates,  
Be sure for you this seraph waits  
At open gates.



MRS. EUNICE C. WADE

May 13, 1890

No tears! but the ripest of harvest,  
Most amber of wheat,  
Lay close by the brow of this woman  
With story complete  
Of life transparent to bottom,  
No dregs in its wine;  
A "golden bowl that is broken,"  
Of rarest design.

She was not old, with heart so young;  
Her prayer, an Angelus that swung  
Thro' joy, as well as crushing pain,  
In chamber of her level brain.  
Her hope, clear-cut as cameo line;  
Her faith, as fast as mountain pine;  
In every stress of her estate  
She seemed the empress of her fate.

No wail—but the whitest of roses  
That ever were blown;  
No sighs—but the fairest of lilies  
That ever were grown;  
No dirge—but the sweetest of music  
That ever was sung;  
No moan—but the deepest of joy-bells  
That ever were rung—

For her, *not* old, because so fair  
In fleeces of her whitening hair;  
Her heart as fragrant *as* the rose—  
As pure as lily's silver blows,  
Harmonious as swinging chimes  
With mellow peal at even-times,  
Because of soul in still accord  
With will of her beloved Lord.

No gloom—but the beauty of gladness  
Unblemished by fears;  
No woe—but a wealth of rejoicing  
Untarnished by tears;  
No pain—but a passion of rapture  
Like lark's, on the wing;  
No pall—but sweep of the ermine  
Just dropped by The King—

For her, who *knew* His noiseless tread  
'Mid footfalls soft around her bed,  
And greeted Him with matchless smile  
In fine unconsciousness of guile.  
"This is unusual!" she said,  
But felt the crown upon her head;  
Her ear already tuned to notes  
Which never flutter human throats.

She *knew* her shallop sailed to sea  
Upon the swell—Eternity;  
She *knew* earth's sun about to set,  
But said "Good night" without regret;



And then, her last and calm "good-byes,"  
Morn's glory shining in her eyes,  
Which kindled with the glad surprise  
Of immortality's sunrise.

So bring the most glowing of blossoms  
To garnish her grave in the grass;  
With never a tumult of weeping  
To sadden the scene as ye pass,  
She lives! the Grand Mother you've known her,  
And waits—as so often before—  
To call the "*new* names" of her children,  
And open Jerusalem's door.

For you who *would* follow her going,  
And crowd on her luminous track;  
But *she* sees with a clarified vision,  
And waves you most tenderly back  
Till your "fullness of time" has been measured,  
Your "sands of mortality" run,  
In a world *now* edge of Elysium,  
Because Paradiso's begun.

## MRS. CASSIUS M. WICKER

(Augusta C. French, Class of 1868.)

Died 1889.

A soul of fire, it flashed and shone  
In its transparency of fragile shell  
Revealing *quiver* of the flame too well!  
A silken voice which carried tone  
Liké those which cling around the keys of flutes,  
Or follow measures of the murmuring lutes,  
That float *soft* airs, in Southern zone.

Her life was rich; Love's sea swept in  
Its curling tide upon her girlhood's shore,  
And she trod blithely on its sapphire floor,  
Thus touching mystic origin  
Of ties, which held her in allegiance fast  
To that bright clime, o'er which can ne'er be cast  
Pale Azrael's cruel javelin.

She had strong arm on which to lean,  
While children's kisses brushed her lips with pink,  
And their pure thoughts which, 'tis a bliss to think,  
Pressed her maturer thoughts between.  
She held *all* wealth of woman's *proudest* sphere,  
And in that realm where graces most appear  
She walked a beatific queen.



But all in vain! Her crystal bowl  
Was crushed with weight of jewels that it bore,  
And with the brilliance that they did outpour  
Upon the splendor of her soul!  
Life leaned too hard, e'en with its blessedness;  
And when she curled a dead babe's tiny tress,  
It seemed no more symmetric whole.

So languors of far Paradise  
Stole o'er the rapture of her spirit sense,  
Till life became a passion too intense  
If racked with pain's compact surprise.  
This shivered the frail casket of the flesh,  
And tore apart life's shining silver mesh!  
For all our woe of brimming eyes.

The flame burned out its shell too soon?  
Ah! frame so delicate, of fibre fine  
Wears out the pattern of such rare design  
Which vanishes like tessalated June.  
We miss the music of the matchless voice  
But she has realized her winsome choice  
Of harp that sweeps more perfect tune.

So let me write upon her pall—  
She passed like perfume of the odorous South,  
Her husband's kisses close upon her mouth.  
Not dreaming that which might befall,  
He kissed her once, yea, twice, and twice again  
That fateful morn he turned away. And then  
He lost the music of her call.

They parted—both so unaware  
It was a chrism, that Great Heart's last caress,  
Love's final seal of wedded tenderness  
That ended all; so leal, so rare!  
And yet could *she* but speak, she would cry  
"Peace!"  
"You do not know what meaneth this release,  
I hold you in diviner care."

\* \* \* \* \*

She loved, she said, my random line.  
Would I could change the minor of its wail  
To note of lark or trill of nightingale,  
Or oratorio divine.  
We plant the cypress and the asphodel;  
She heedeth not, for stately immortelle  
Doth in her hand celestial shine.

Sweet saint! sped through the phantom door,  
Abruptly leaving Life's Mid-summer Dream,  
What softer glories now about thee stream,  
A *gracious* damozel, before?  
Send back some whisper of your gentleness,  
That while we *count* one human friend the less,  
We *feel* one seraph guardian more!



EMILY A. KELLOGG

(Class of 1868)

Died June 30, 1893, at Chicago, Ill.

ODE FOR A "BRAVE."

Cypress or Roses,  
When the brave fall?  
When such life closes,  
Banner or pall?

Wing of the Raven,  
Or the White Plume?  
Elegy graven,  
Or a June bloom?

Droop of the Willow,  
Or lift of the Palm?  
Moan of grief's billow,  
Or a strong psalm?

Pæans or dirges?  
Or a lark note?  
Sorrow's wild surges,  
Or a harp float?

Bring Gloria roses, and lilies like saints,  
The daintiest petals that June ever paints:  
A "brave" has been wounded! aye! wounded to death  
While fighting for others, e'en to her last breath!

No cypress shall touch her! bring fern fronds instead;  
Set stately azaleas beside her dear head.  
Wear never a sable; white raiment be spread.  
And cover with pansies the feet of our dead.

Her hands were so willing, her step was so fleet,  
Her going was music, if duty to meet:  
She kept in procession of glorious ones  
Whose ranks move as even as volleys of guns!

She conquered because she has dropped at her post,  
And added another to *that* brilliant host,  
The Legion of Honor, whose ribbons are torn  
From garment Salvation all heroes have worn.

Her heart was a sunbeam; her life was a song,  
For all that she battled with foes that are strong  
Her courage undaunted; her cheer was like wine  
Such souls carry hidden, Immanuel's sign.

'Tis cypress and dirge tone, and tearfall, for us—  
From ancient Machpelah it's always been thus;  
For her the cup \*crystal—the victory glow—  
From Arimathea, it's ever been so!

A brave has been wounded, but *not* unto death!  
There is that is grievous and yet comforteth!  
*Twine* cypress and roses, for sob and for song—  
But know that the amaranth to her must belong.

\*Revelations 7:17.



BERTHA SMITH

(Class of 1888)

Died in Marzovan, Turkey, July 30, 1892.

ELECTRA.

"DEEDS ARE THE PULSE OF TIME."

*Battle Hymn for a Daughter of the King.*

Mine eyes have seen the beauty of a soul that was so  
true  
That the body could not hold it as its silver pinions  
grew;  
Both heart and flesh too delicate for conflict in the  
field:  
Her armor was but *conscience*-ribbed, but not Damascus  
steeled.

We saw not thus her hidden strife that lifted victor  
higher  
Than earth's low battlements of doubt, of conflict and  
desire;  
She was the sternest censor of all her inward foes,  
In a life she wished to blossom like a dewy Cashmere  
rose.

Thus 'twas the "old, old story" of a life that melted out  
From the fury of the combat with its "stalwarts" all  
about.

She was not made for struggle in the "trenches" here  
below:

There are *some* who battle skyward almost before they  
know.

So mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the  
Lord,  
According to the promise of His consecrated Word:  
"I'll appear again, beloved, in the watches of the night,  
And transfigure Calvary darkness into Resurrection  
light."

So 'tis the new, new story of Emmanuel's return,  
When the light is low in socket and watch-fires refuse to  
burn;  
Mourn not her disappearing, ye Braves of Marzovan,  
Nor the preaching of this Gospel of the weaknesses of  
man—

For she's "taken heart" of heaven, and by faith she's  
entered in  
Where the purest of the spirits are her very next of kin;  
No moaning of the "Harbor Bar" by that celestial port,  
And you have won in this your loss "ambassador at  
court."

Her course was short and shining, but it arrow-led to  
bliss;  
She faltered in the furrow, but was drawn by Seraph  
kiss  
Above the toil and trouble and the turmoil of the strife,  
Into the golden restfulness of an immortal life.

We call to mind Madonna-face and beautiful brown  
eyes—

Translation, there!—we are not taken by surprise;



We always knew the "orders sealed" that she should go  
before,  
And swing for those of us who wait the everlasting  
door.

In the beauty of her mission she was borne across the  
sea;  
Tho' issue of that story, friends, has saddened you and  
me,  
Let the girls of Monticello tell the girls of Marzovan  
'Twas but little of her warfare that an angel might not  
scan.

---

ELMIRA COX CALDWELL

(Class of 1888)

Died August 24th, 1890.

A SONG EVANGEL

Just bloomed! then drooping as some lilies must,  
Their petals powdered with the soiling dust,  
We moan, oh pity! that the flower is dead!  
God made no answer to the prayer we said.

Not so! but gathered as rare lilies are,  
Fore catching fragrance through the "Gates Ajar;"  
Transplanted only, not a moment dead,  
God made *best* answer to the prayer we said.

We mourn the lily with the broken stalk,  
(Or so we phrase it in our feeble talk;)  
But in the gardens of Jerusalem,  
There is no blossom with a bruised stem.

\* \* \* \* \*

Dismiss the figure! *she* is dead—we say,  
Before high noon of her perfected day;  
*Twice born*—the rather, ere the night fall crept  
About a woman who midst shadows wept.

We moan and wonder *why* the blow was dealt,  
"Egyptian darkness" that of old was "felt!"  
She smiles and whispers—" 'tis a shining way  
Along the pulses of this amberous day.

"I ride in chariot of iris'd cloud,  
While in your grief you fain would sob aloud,  
But in the palace where the angels walk,  
So *soon* I syllable their heavenly talk.

"I only echo what our Lord still saith,  
Then flash your tears with sunshine of your faith;  
You have new reason; 'tis *my* voice that sings!  
Catch you the flicker of my silver wings?

"Not yet! altho' they brush you as you tread  
The silent chamber where you kissed me—dead!  
My presence clothes you, but the filmy dress  
Will make no showing in your wilderness.



"The *unseen* things beloved are the ones  
More real than processions of the suns!  
I still abide with *you*, but you'll not see  
Till you are bidden to abide with *me*."

---

ELIZABETH FORBES CALDWELL

(Class of 1879)

Died August 27, 1902.

Like random catch of melodies upon the summer air  
Was the coming and the going, of the *maiden* debonair;  
For she was frank and fearless, tho' gentle as a dove,  
And cast o'er all who cherished her the silken mesh of  
love.

Like bloom of opening hyacinth was her *maturing* life,  
When daring to take on herself the sacred name of wife;  
And every tender heartstring thrilled with music of that  
vow  
As she the marriage altar did with added charm endow.

Star-eyed she was, as daisies, when a *mother* she became,  
And learned the hidden magic of maternity's sweet  
name;

While by a mother's agony she was so purified  
That she almost entered heaven with her little one, who  
died.

So *I* thought of silver lilies when I heard that *she* was  
dead.

And wondered if their incense cups were placed a-near  
her bed;

For footfall of death angel, was *so* silent and so fleet  
None knew his august coming till her heart had ceased  
to beat.

Now immortelles are blooming, where she is made a  
saint,

And realizes glories that no brush essays to paint;  
And more, a holy gladness doth pervade each bruised  
heart

That tho' she walks not with us, she does not bide apart.

As maiden, wife and mother, woman's trilogy of grace,  
She knew what best befitted every time and every place;  
But charmer charms no longer—the home has lost its  
Queen—

Yet it feels her gentle presence tho' her face no more is  
seen.

Still, *hope* is sun-illuminated, tho' our *faith* be weak and  
small,

That sometime in the future we shall understand it all;  
Let our tears be glistening jewels as they drop upon her  
bier,

And in them shine the radiance of her celestial sphere.



JESSE NEEDLES GENUNG,

(Class of 1884)

Died November, 1902.

We lift our voices with this bitter cry  
That she was too mercurial to die.

There are some characters so haunting sweet  
They're like crushed roses underneath our feet.

Their incense floats, we hardly know from where.  
But always it is wafting through the air.

'Tis startling when electric spirits pass  
Like pearly vapors on a burnished glass,  
And we at first are so unreconciled  
That grief is reckless, passionate and wild.

Her crisp good morning was a sunshine ray  
That swept a glory into common day  
From bubbling laughter in her merry eyes,  
For she was gracious and, moreover, wise.

Joy was her "double" in her schoolgirl days,  
And touched with buoyancy her winsome ways.

But they who laugh can also weep as well;  
So she was happy till a grief befell,  
Which almost turned her face to rigid stone,  
While lips that always smiled could only moan  
As she beheld her first-born stricken dead,  
A woe unspeakable, uncomforted!

For ever after she was not the same,  
Altho' she ne'er forgot the sacred claim  
Of him who quaffed the vintage of her life;  
Tho' smitten *mother*, still a royal wife.

But now she entereth no open door;  
Close folded are the garments that she wore.

The "vanished hand" is quiet on her breast;  
Its services no longer manifest.

What means the silence and that early rest?  
*Is* death as well as life a guerdon blest?

---

FLORENCE ALEXANDER MILLETT

(Class of 1871)

Died December 29th, 1890.

She is dead! It quivered along the wires  
More stealthy and rapid than prairie fires;  
It hushed the joy of our Christmas talk  
As when wraiths, at revels, are known to walk.

Later the tidings came in ink,  
More pitiful, sad than one could think;  
A tale of love and its kindred pain  
That smote like hammers upon the brain;  
A drama of love so high and fine,  
It leaped in her veins like Cana's wine;  
With sequel of pain as sharp as knives  
Which spill the blood of divided lives.



She loved him! her father, strong and grand,  
"But one such father in all the land!"  
She loved her mother; "but none need tell  
A love that is known so passing well."  
"I must meet them at Christmas," this she said,  
"To me no heaven if I were dead  
And they were left to such earth-wan woe;  
I love you all, but to them must go!"  
And tho' beside her a lover stood,  
Despite persuasion, go she would  
To meet the angel, called falsely Death,  
That touched her idol with vernal breath.

She watched beside him for three dread days  
And clung, as she strained at the "parting ways;"  
She sank in the arms of those who bore  
Her stricken form to her chamber door;  
For when they said she could hope no more,  
Her lone love sought the celestial shore!

She spoke no word on his funeral day,  
But kissed her hand in a dreamy way  
As if to promise her following soon,  
By special grace of the dear Death—boon.  
For the shining sands of her life were run,  
When she missed his call for the "Little One!"

\* \* \* \* \*

Her heart—'twas pure as Etruscan gold;  
Her brain—'twas cast in a crystal mould;

Her life—it sparkled at every turn  
Like facets in gems which gleam and burn;  
Her death—a sacrament, sacred, sweet  
As the spikenard over the Christus' feet.

They opened the grave, and they laid her down  
In the beautiful earth, so clean and brown,  
By the side of him who held the key  
To the lock of her life destiny!

Now mother and husband mourn beside  
Father and daughter who, dual, died;  
She spared no "largess;" for him she wed  
She broidered the marriage with golden thread;  
'Gainst her who "mothered" she leaned her head,  
But the father love was her life, she said.

And so it proved; when the one was spent,  
The other folded her shadow tent;  
Each felt for a double that Christmas day,  
And then they silently stole away  
To the land where Life is the Royal Bloom,  
And Death surrenders his sable plume.

Oh! what can we say to you who wait  
On the hither side of the phantom gate?  
Rebuke her not, that her love so strong,  
Keyed all too soon with his seraph song.

She could not tarry! but now she calls  
As soft and still as the star dust falls,  
"This love that I cherished is born anew  
The love that always enveloped you."



But we are only the out-bound souls  
To fleck the way from your "isle of shoals"  
To the open tides of the ebon sea  
Which now is an ocean of light to me!  
You'll soon be borne on its rapture swell  
To the white coasts of Emmanuel!

---

ADA VIRGINIA SCARRITT PARSONS

(Class of 1879)

She fought for life on battle-field of pain,  
For life, her birthright, but she fought in vain,  
A fight beside which an Olympian game  
Seems puerile, and pitiful, and tame!  
Our own Life Beautiful, its own High Mass,  
As from its cradle to its grave we pass,  
Was prize she sought beyond Atlantic seas,  
Or midst salubrities of mountain breeze.  
But foe invisible with sable crest,  
"Came, saw, and conquered;" then laid her to rest,  
White flower of peace upon her troubled breast.  
The Holy Grail was not more sacred quest  
Than her desire to live, for those dear ones  
Who could not pass with her beyond the suns.  
It was heroic in the largest sense,  
That conflict stern, continuous, and tense;  
No note of bugle, and no beat of drum,  
No martial order, for the lost was dumb  
With anguish, that the lone heart knows,

When wrestling with the dumbest of all foes,  
A fading hope, which shatters as it goes  
The crystal vase, which holds the golden rose  
Of love and motherhood, the sweetest bloom  
That ere lay withered on a woman's tomb!

Yes! She was vanquished! and today she lies  
In silent distance from all mortal eyes,  
The victim of a fate as sad as fleet  
Beneath the shadow of a sure defeat!  
But *is* this *all*? Is there no triumph note  
That sweeps the minors of this requiem float?  
Was she forsaken, tho' she drooped and died?  
The Bow of Promise spanned an *ebbing* tide!  
Her failing pulses and her secret tears  
Were they not counted in the upper spheres?  
Has Azrael's wing, tho' black and strong and wide,  
No silver plumage on the skyward side?  
Is Israfeel forgot? and immortelles?  
And the glad melodies of Easter bells?

But simpler than our query is our creed  
Based on the pathos of our human need  
For verily the future life we trust  
And live immortally because we *must*!  
We glory humbly in the Christus—name  
While Azrael and Israfeel *may* be the same!

*Then she* is victor! dirge becomes a psalm,  
No wreath of olive, but a branch of palm!



## CAROLINE SIFTON PEPPER

(Teacher)

Died Washington, D. C., May 20th, 1890.

She sleeps! the brave, the gifted and the young,  
Her song so clearly but so swiftly sung!  
'Tis dropped too soon, the facile, brilliant pen  
Which ne'er will trace that signature again.

Her's was a purpose that was tipped with fire!  
No doubt could curb her mettlesome desire,  
She bounded toward the centres of the strife  
As she'd *compel* the victories of life.

And must we call it a forlorn defeat?  
This Death o'ertaking with a tread so fleet?  
Just as her chalice to the brim was filled  
He smote the beaker and the wine was spilled.

A hero dying, with their muffled drums,  
To bury him his stern battalion comes!  
This valorous woman and her spent career  
Need sturdier tribute than a falling tear.

For hers a soul so thrillingly alive  
She might the coursers of the sunrise drive;  
So strong and sure the triumph that it won,  
Go, mark its passage with a "sunset gun."

## GERTRUDE McKINNEY.

(Class of 1892)

Her royalty was gentleness;  
In all the world around  
No higher claim to queen's estate  
Could anywhere be found.

Her dignity was steadfastness;  
In human life at large  
No finer service could a Saint  
In anywise discharge.

Her purity was singleness;  
In empire of the true  
No whiter lily of a life  
To blossom ever grew.

Her loyalty was tenderness;  
In love's ethereal zone  
She caught the softest cadences  
Of friendship's silvern tone.

Her charity was graciousness  
Of thought and word and deed;  
In woe of hearts such currency  
Best meets their piteous need.

And thus she passed to saintliness  
As to her native air,  
She was astray in this cloud-world  
Of pain and grief and care.



So mourn her not—such loveliness  
Can ne'er be fettered long;  
It claims celestial liberty  
To sing celestial song.

---

### HARRIET NEWELL HASKELL

An Appreciation, a Lamentation,  
and a Consolation.

Tho' gone forever, still she bideth here—  
Tho' clouds may lower, or suns be shining clear.

She breathes in every campus flower that blooms.  
Her gracious *presence* consecrates these rooms.

Yet, what an *absence*! Can we "make believe"  
Such absence is a presence, while we grieve,

To lose her fervent prayer, her note in song,  
Which rendered all of us so brave and strong?

To meet no more her fine responsive face  
In any haunt of this memorial place?

To hear no more the ozone in her voice  
When uttering her key-note word, "rejoice?"

To listen for her coming thro' some open door,  
And feel the silence brooding evermore?

To wait her failing foot-fall on the stair,  
To see no more her beautiful fair hair?

All smites upon us with such crushing pain  
It travels every channel of the brain.

ABSENCE—the shadows whisper it in falling night.  
PRESENCE—the birds are singing it in morning light.

While stars spell *both* in every midnight sky  
While she is happy in the mansions high.

'Tis loss unspeakable, but heavenly gain  
For her who left a record with no stain.

And so we should be ever satisfied  
That *she* was crowning while to *us* she died.

Ah! yes, 'tis absence after all  
The blessed dead respond not to our call.

'Tis woe unspeakable to us bereft,  
Till future years seem only sorrow cleft.

She was so blessed, blessed everywhere,  
'Twas privilege that blessedness to share.

And may its "aftermath" now consecrate this hour,  
With all the magic of its matchless power.

---

### ELIZABETH PORTER HASKELL

She grieved so much she could not linger here,  
She loved so much she touched diviner sphere;  
A strong sweet angel drew her to the skies  
While we gazed upward with our tear-dimmed eyes.  
She vanished—ere *we* heard the seraph call  
Come floating downward from the jasper wall;  
Her going—like the drooping of a flower



In heat of summer noontide's shining hour;  
 It was the ebbing of a *silent* tide  
 While tender lovers wept and prayed beside;  
 As quiet, as the melting of a star  
 In sunrise flushes thro' dawn-gates ajar,  
 We see no more the damask of her cheek,  
 No more the azure of her eyes we seek;  
 Her hand-clasp is but mem'ry of the past,  
 But mem'ry steady as an iron cast;  
 Her thought for "*others*" she *has* left behind  
 A sacred legacy to always bind  
 Her devotees to follow where she leads  
 By scattered perfume of her gracious deeds.  
 She's *now* our heaven-anointed damozel;  
 How near to those she loves—oh, who can tell?  
 How near to us who sob beside her grave  
 (Tho' *speaking* language of a Christian Brave)  
 We may not *know* but only *hope* she sees  
 With clearer vision and a sure heart-ease  
 The hidden meaning of our mortal woes  
 From cradle cover to the burial close!

\* \* \* \* \*

We loved her much, and so must be forgiven  
 (As penitents by their confessors shriven)  
 For *voicing* loss so ultimate and drear.  
 Few silver linings of the cloud appear  
 Until she beckons from the bright beyond  
 With gestures so *much more* than earthly-fond;  
 A sheen of glory plays around her head  
 While she is asking, "Did *you* think me dead?"

Not so; but waiting for your tardy feet  
 To walk with me Elysium's golden street,  
 For I will lead you, lest ye feel too strange  
 In these high altitudes of crystal range.  
*I dwell in uplands, you in lowlands*, yet,  
 Until *your* signal of release is set,  
 When we shall meet beyond the blaze of suns  
 And *know* each other as our earth loved ones,  
 No longer "tired," nor sad, nor lone, nor worn;  
 No longer doubt-beset, nor anguish-torn,  
 But *rested*! Oh the music of this word  
 When first in Paradiso it is heard!

---

### HARRIET KILBURN DAVY

Like *nobody else* I said  
 When told that she was dead—  
 For personelle—so rare  
 No "double" anywhere!

---

There's fragrance of wood violet and strawberry in the  
 field;  
 There's note of hermit thrushes from their nests so well  
 concealed,  
 There's the "still small voice" appealing more than any  
 thunder roll;  
 As also spicy atmosphere of a distinctive soul.



She was sweet and wise and winsome in her early  
woman days,  
And she never lost enchantment of her fascinating ways.  
Her speech was always trenchant but with no staccato  
note,  
While her welcome was as cheery as song in blue birds'  
throat.

In *old* age she was a picture for a Gainsborough to  
paint,  
Or for the older "masters" on the canvas, as a saint;  
She would charm on Dresden china or on a Watteau  
fan,  
Or any quaint "original" of foreign artist clan.

Her own brush was interpreter of beauty that she saw,  
In land or sky or any "scape" of nature's magic law;  
Her palette mixed the colors that made morning-glories  
shine  
With pink and white azaleas around her easel line.

The kerchief on her bosom, the lace upon her hair,  
She made so much more graceful than what *other* women  
wear;  
She sanctified her garments by the deftness of her touch;  
Tho' neither nun nor novice, she might have passed for  
such.

Her humor was like sheen upon the shining glancing  
wing  
Of either bird or butterfly or ermine of a King,

Anon it focused suddenly as facets do in gem,  
When she would flash her speaking with a pithy  
apothegm.

There are some who leave impressions as do fossils upon  
stone,

Or like a float of music with persistent over-tone;  
So we can never bury her, she was so much alive,  
And stored such pungent sweetness like honey in a hive.

Tho' gone from sight forever her memory remains  
Like breath of Easter lilies in old Cathedral fanes;  
Nor space, nor time, nor death itself can sweep that  
presence out

From temple I have builded this Seraphia about.

NOTE—Mrs. Harriet Kilburn Davy, tho' not connected with Monticello,  
a life-long friend of H. N. H. and E. G. A.

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### LOUISE LINK\*

Dear "Bobolink," "Blackberry," "Baby" of ours,  
She might have been *pansy* in garden of flowers,  
She might have been *ruby* in cluster of gems,  
That sparkle their brightest in queens' diadems.

"Sugar Plum," "Morning Glory," "Sweet Heart," and  
all,

She learned in a twinkling to come at each call,  
Tho' answering, archly, "I'm German per cent,"  
Not knowing, our darling, just what the phrase meant.

\*At Monticello, 1901-1902.



These pet names, once music, our pale lips forsake,  
They cannot be spoken above our heart-break;  
Their mention but opens the sluices of tears,  
No lining of silver in tempest appears.

The sun may be shining in mansions afar,  
But over *this* cloudland there flashes no star;  
Hope once was a beacon; its fires are now out,  
And we are left battling the breakers of doubt.

We ask not the wherefore, we cannot tell why  
We're born only just to look death in the eye;  
The cradle and casket we sleep in are twins,  
And life writes its "finis" the day it begins.

But surely as carols of robins in spring,  
Or rapture of skylark when first on the wing,  
Some day when they're thickest, these fogs of despair,  
We'll find Easter lilies are blooming right there.

For griefs are like thistles, fluffed whiter than milk,  
As, seeding, they turn into flossiest silk,  
Then borne on the morning they scatter like mist,  
The hem of Night's garment Aurora has kissed.

And time is a healer, tho' cicatrice stays,  
While blessings will blossom by tear-sprinkled ways,  
As sure as arbutus hides under the snow,  
Against the crisp whiteness, shell pink of its glow.

Life's sadness and sweetness; its glory and pain,  
May be balanced divinely, like sunshine and rain;  
Converting our heart-lands to gardens as rare  
As Arimathea's when Christus slept there.

So "Bobolink," "Blackberry," "Baby" of ours  
Is not so far distant in Aiden's bright bowers.  
She walks in white raiment her mansions prepared,  
The blooms on her bosom the loves we have shared.

---

#### H. E. R.

With woe untold  
With heart of gold  
He died to *save*—  
Was it not brave?  
As brave—as sad?  
Judge not! be glad  
That over all  
The pure white pall  
Of *love* is thrown!  
He was your *own*.

His friends a score  
Repeat this o'er,  
Wrong is mistake—  
Or—hearts would break!



## B. B. HASKELL

Father of Harriet Newell Haskell

Resident of Waldoboro, Maine,  
Died April 24th, 1887, at Monticello Seminary, Godfrey,  
Illinois, aged 81 years and 7 months.

*Included by Request.*

When the birds begin to sing,  
In the chorus of the Spring,  
"I will take you home!"—she said  
To her sire with silvered head.

From a room across the way,  
On that snowy winter's day,  
Stole there out a liquid note  
From canary's thrilling throat.

Now the birds begin to sing,  
Therefore, now it must be Spring!  
In such quick reply—he said,  
As he raised his royal head.

When the birds began to sing,  
In the early Western spring!  
She did take him home, they said,  
But, alas! her sire was dead.

As we kissed that placid face,  
On which pain had left no trace;  
Not the birds,—we softly said,  
But the angels sing, instead.

As he heard seraphic choirs,  
Strike a welcome on their lyres,  
Did he own the promise whole,  
In the joy of ransomed soul?

Aye! himself begins to sing  
In the beauty of that spring,  
Aged no more, but always young,  
Hallelujahs on his tongue.

Better these than sky-lark's notes,  
In most musical of throats;  
Better far, celestial clime,  
Than to dwell in tents of time.

While we live, 'tis winter-tide,  
When we die doth spring abide;  
This of old, the prophets said,  
By their inspirations led.

Then there dawned the Easter Day,  
Sweeping glooms of graves away;  
Christ is risen,—as Gabriel said:  
Mourners sing! there are no dead.



Monticello Specials



QUINQUAGENARIUM

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SEMI-CENTENNIAL

JUNE 12, 1888

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MONTICELLO SEMINARY

GODFREY, ILLINOIS



## PERSPECTIVE

A tale to cover fifty years!  
The narrative at first appears  
A thing impossible to do,  
Without a weariness to you,  
Who listen, as becometh those  
Who *judge* the task that they impose!  
Not of *one* life, or fate or creed  
Is this to be the running screed;  
But institutional affair—  
Not “to the general caviare”!  
Therefore, oh muse, inspire my pen  
To celebrate the “prince of men,” \*  
Who pioneered the happy thought  
That woman was not made for naught  
As he heard child attempt to lisp  
Her mother’s word in utterance crisp,  
Which in his heart this truth impearled:  
“Who rocks the cradle, rules the world.”  
From that glad hour the glory grew,  
Which you this day return to view,  
And “Godfrey’s folly,” wondrous, wise,  
Became his darling enterprise!  
A prostrate oak pre-empted spot—  
(Lest it be lost by counter-plot—)  
And “barrens,” as the language goes,  
Were now to blossom as the rose!  
A Deed of Gift, with title sure,  
Needed a woman’s signature!

\*Benjamin Godfrey.

All honor to *such* stroke of pen  
As to the bolder deeds of men!  
\**That* woman lives to see this time,  
Would I could laud her in my rhyme,  
Because she played the *under* part  
As many do thus pure in heart—  
Signing away their share of gold  
Ere it *is* theirs to get or hold,  
Content to let a gracious fame  
Gild only the superior name.  
But *more* than this—her gentle words  
As tender as the tones of birds,  
When Monticello’s name she calls  
(Name musical as water falls),  
Reveal a benefactor’s grace,  
Tho’ holding no conspicuous place!

\*Rebecca E. Godfrey.

## REFLECTIVE

Thus in brief the story’s told,  
Tale which never can grow old  
While the human hearts unfold,  
Mothered here!

Monticello thus begun,  
Shall its blessed circuit run  
As through heaven the tireless sun,  
Sweeps its sphere.



Time can never backward go,  
Rivers toward their sources flow,  
Love thus kindled cease to glow—  
    Hope decline—

In a world that's moving on,  
Not like wild Euroclydon,  
But by plan Catholicon—  
    And divine.

So this grand beneficence,  
By decree of Providence,  
Worthy of Omnipotence,  
    Cannot fail—

More than can the constant moon,  
Lulling seas to rest in June  
With a rhythmic spheric tune.  
    Wondrous tale!

---

### INTERROGATIVE

Hero or heroine—Whom shall we praise  
In these far-away days?  
Vain to regret we can't cluster them all  
In this consecrate Hall!

Whom must we mention—whom dare we miss,  
In a gath'ring like this?  
What doth it matter? God on the Throne  
Who revealeth His own.

### RETROSPECTIVE

'Tis often asked, "What's in a name?"  
And "Has it aught to do with fame?"  
Much, *every way*, that man declares  
Whose business 'tis to sum affairs.  
Shall Edwards, Gilman, Norton, Post,  
Those men so long our public boast,  
Be called by other names as meet?  
Forbid it comrades, I entreat.  
Shall Sturtevant be thrust aside,  
Whose counsel was so often tried?  
Or pioneer like Enoch Long,  
Who merits *more* than passing song;  
McLean, and Turner, Corey brave,  
Who, like a lion often drave  
All things before him, black or white,  
If he believed they were not right!  
A cabinet of iron men  
Whose like will not be seen again!  
For leaders in this mellow age  
Need not the "pluck" that *built* the stage  
Whereon our actors come and go  
With so much lighter tread, you know.

Can I forget who furnished *brain*  
Without which money is in vain?  
As Baldwin's name falls on my sight  
Which should to-day be writ in light;  
For years his earnest, careful thought,  
Was contribution all unsought—  
A gift, not always easy *bought*;



A benefaction free as air,  
 To set this Institution where  
 Contingencies could not destroy,  
 Nor friends perplex, nor foes annoy.  
*First* honored Principal! We claim  
 For him, large measure of that fame  
 Which crowns those high and noble souls  
 Whose deeds would fain include the poles.  
 Who never narrow love to lines  
 Of their own personal designs.

Nor can we pass in silence by,  
 With all these memories anigh,  
 The *wife* who, living at this hour,  
 Confesses to the magic power  
 Of love that binds her even yet,  
 By ties she cares not to forget,  
 To place which knew her labor first,  
 As mother turns to child she's nursed.

\*Then woman took the helm of State.  
 A longer story I'd relate,  
 If Time would tarry on his wing  
 To let me that dominion sing!  
 Her lovely face and shining eyes,  
 Her queenly port of high emprise,  
 Made students lovers of her looks  
 Whenever eyes turned from their books.  
 For score and five of happy years  
 She balanced scale of hopes and fears,

\*Philena Fobes.

Carved characters with chisel fine  
 And left remembrance so benign,  
 That ev'ry day some scatt'ring line  
 Floats in, reminding workers here  
 That we inherit atmosphere  
 Of Christian home, so nobly planned,  
 By Queen at once serene and grand!  
 Her coadjutors shall I name?  
 Can I their virtues all proclaim,  
 When such a list invites my sight,  
 A silent host of subtle might?  
 Eaton—so long selected friend  
 Of her who loved her to the end,  
 'Till passed beyond to silent shore,  
 The friend can talk with friend no more.  
 Still would I mention Cone and Long,  
 Both women brave, and firm and strong,  
 Together with Cornelia Hoyt;  
 Would that my pen were more adroit,  
 To take so many others in  
 Who did this enterprise begin.  
 For there was Lyon—substitute  
 When Queen was absent in pursuit  
 Of needed rest and works of art,—  
 Bearing her Kingdom on her heart,  
 But lightly, feeling at her ease  
 Because her sister held the keys!  
 All honor to such strong reserves,  
 Whom all admire and God preserves.

A word aside for choicest poet—  
 I wonder how she came to know it?



(When scrubbing floors or scouring knives,  
Or making bright some other lives),  
While she her own so bravely ordered,  
And with sweet rhyme its routine bordered,  
Till Lucy Larcom—stands this hour  
As Monticello's richest dower  
Because she *sings* her way to souls,  
And plays the sweetest of all roles,  
The self forgetful, writ in love  
By diamond pen in courts above.  
We fondly cherish our star poet;  
Thanks that this day gives chance to show it.

(Forgive me, gracious dames of yore,  
That I'm compelled to hurry o'er  
The stately Miss—your names before,  
Nor on me indignation pour  
For this small breach of etiquette  
Which you will please at once forget.  
My line's not long enough, you see,  
To take your titles in—ah me!  
The limitation of the muse  
Will sometimes clearest brain confuse.)

Then falleth interregnum brief  
And all would sure have come to grief,  
But that another woman deigned  
To hold the place—regret unfeigned,  
Until some other brain was found,  
By searching the wide country round,

Who could administer affairs  
And sponsor be of myriad cares.  
So Tolman passed the sceptre on  
With grace peculiarly her own!

---

### PRESENTATIVE

Which brings my verse to new regime;  
Nor does it much that verse be-seem  
To linger long, at present hour,  
With those who then assumed the power;  
We know them well, who stand in trust,  
But hasten here—we feel we must!

\*Another queen ascends the throne,  
We love her much, because our own—  
Her heart as fresh as April days,  
She understands wild girlhood's ways,  
And never fails to comprehend  
There must be gen'rous dividend  
Allowed to careless bounding youth  
Ere it can bend—not break—forsooth.  
With character of beaten gold  
She can the moral sense unfold;  
With deed of love and tongue of fire  
She can the best resolves inspire.  
Her merriment infectious, kills,  
The many follies and the ills

---

\*Harriet N. Haskell.



Girlhood is heir to everywhere,  
 With all its whims beside, to spare  
 Our Lilies, Rosies, she deplores,  
 Our common sense she oft implores  
 When she is cataloguing names  
 To drop our Pinkies, Pansies, Mames,  
 Assume the ones by which we're christened,  
 Which priest pronounced, while angels listened.  
 Long may she live and laugh and reign,  
 No need our worship to explain!  
 Long may she rule we pray again;  
 For home in school has never been  
 More thoroughly incorporated  
 Than when Her Grace was here instated!  
 Help from without she rarely needs,  
 Or gen'rous critics of her deeds;  
 Surrounded she has always been  
 By helpers hearty from within.  
 There's Barbour short, and Newton tall,  
 I really cannot count them all;  
 There's Walsh and Kellogg holding fast  
 Their memories of the blessed past,  
 With Fowler, Johnston, Buxton, Burch—  
 (Alas! so many left in lurch!)  
 Then, Pierce and Mittlebach and Post,  
 I'd like to call each out with toast;  
 An Alden striking straight from John,  
 And the House Mother—Pendleton.

('Tis hoped the ones who are left out  
 Will still not feel inclined to pout.)

As Harbaugh, Hanna, Stroelin—three;  
 A Pepper and a Whittlesey;  
 Pearson and Büttner will not rhyme  
 Tho' I consume a month of time!  
 And then I have an Armstrong left;  
 Of her we cannot be bereft,  
 Lest paper, pens and ink resent it,  
 And give me cause to quick repent it!

Williams and Sabin yet are missed,  
 While Curtis does meantime insist  
 With younger Williams to support,  
 As solemnly as if in court,  
 That husbands, homes and babies "pay"  
 Better than schools of modern day.  
 Then, Stebbins wandered to Pacific,  
 We hope she finds it beatific!  
 While Gaines is Mrs. Homer Greene  
 We know she's happy as a queen!  
 I cannot think of any more,  
 And catalogue dare not con o'er;  
 But if a name *is* here omitted  
 It is by Providence permitted!

Except of course the "august BOARD!"  
 What if my muse had thoughtless soared  
 And left these gentlemen unnamed!  
 Of such omission sore ashamed.  
 Their greatness cannot be reflected,  
 A tribute eloquent expected!  
 What if my lines had been deflected—  
 Omitting those so much respected,



Who holds these interests in trust,  
 Our lords of maybe and of must!  
 There's Johnson of majestic port,  
 Would pass for King in any court.  
 'Twas once made question of appeals  
 If he could not be set on wheels  
 So not to little Needles hide  
 Who did not like to quite subside  
 Behind this Doctor leonine  
 When *she* would be the heroine.  
 But greatness cannot be gainsaid!  
 (Alas for king! Alas for maid!)

Yes! There are giants in *these* days  
 And on a Board it always pays  
 To have such pyramidal men  
 To "say their say" with tongue or pen!  
 We boast the sterling name of Wade,  
 Who sees that debts are timely paid,  
 And keeps an eye on those huge books  
 And calculates if eyes match hooks.  
 Isett, prudential, comes and goes  
 And keeps us from financial woes!  
 While Boardman, President astute,  
 Bears value quite beyond compute!  
 He's been a President before!  
 Do you suppose he thinks it o'er  
 And parallels these girls with boys  
 Trying to make an equipoise?  
 For *if* he does you may be sure  
 His calculation is secure

As any astronomic clock's,  
 His logic too compact for knocks!  
 While "Boardman on the Will" we read  
 No other treatise do we need.  
 His "Virtue" seems so systematic  
 We wonder men are so erratic!  
 Without a Board, what could we do?  
 An open question, put to you!

And, also what, without a preacher  
 As guide, philosopher and teacher?  
 'Tis not enough a casual verse  
 'Midst others here to intersperse.  
 For Diamonds cost, they challenge gold—  
 Heavy to get, but light to hold!  
 For wisdom *can* we make return  
 In currency of that we earn,  
 For *beaten* thought a recompense  
 By thought that here shows less intense?  
 But gratitude holds freer lance  
 And hesitates not to advance,  
 And lay her freshest laurel down,  
 More valued than a jewelled crown,  
 By those who made of thought a king,  
 Altho' the same let Sappho sing.  
 Therefore to him who *sees*, tho' *blind*,  
 With keener vision, realm of mind,  
 Who's braver without sword or shield  
 Than any conquerer a-field,  
 The tribute of this single word  
 From those, who have so often heard



His voice in sermon and in prayer,  
Persuading from deceitful snare,  
Leading along the sun-lit height  
Where he has never *felt* for light  
Because—perhaps, Miltonic sight  
Has gilded soft his present night.

---

### MEMORIES COMIQUE.

And thus I've had courage to partly review  
This outline of history, both old time and new,  
But funnier incidents come to my mind  
To touch which just lightly I'm sorely inclined.

First, Article 8, in the Deed of his Trust,  
In which the wise founder strove hard to adjust  
The washing and brewing, domestic affairs,  
The conduct of which he most stoutly declares

Makes girls into women, as fast as you please  
Forbidding their habits of indolent ease.  
His rigor we only availed to appease  
By lever of steady and annual tease.

A *man* in the Faculty! can you believe  
That such a departure they tried to achieve.  
His name it was Munson, his fate it was sad,  
I dare not relate the whole story, egad!

But tho' this fair garden ne'er blossomed with men,  
I think that perhaps I'll surprise you again  
By speaking of weddings—the great unexpected—  
To prove these poor teachers not wholly neglected!

For plain farmer Mason caught Stockton, you, know  
'Tis hard to dam rivers that once overflow.  
She left all her lambkins and clave unto him  
With faith that was stouter than damozel's whim.

And Bateman now "Prexy" of masculine Knox  
Was once, it is certain, as sly as a fox,  
For coming here single, he went away double,  
Just trumping a Tyler without any trouble!

And Marsh came a wooing by music beguiled,  
Elizabeth G. Clark beheld him and smiled,  
And both these sleek shepherds proved wolves in  
the fold,  
A tragedy sombre, though trippingly told.

McMillan he came—and he saw, and he sighed,  
E'er any one guessed, he had won him a bride;  
And Martin, though *seeming* no conqueror fierce,  
By stratagem cunningly captured a Pierce.

The monitress system! it must have been queer  
When girls were selected to see and to hear,  
And then to *write down*, on a horrible slate—  
What they had discovered, both early and late—



Of *other* girl's doings; peccadillos and all!  
They must have felt righteous as wicked young Saul;  
But then, you remember, when tables were turned  
They stood a fair chance to get what they'd earned.

The cupola burning! not much fun in that!  
When hearts were a-thumping at quick pit-a-pat;  
But *after*, 'twas funny to think of girls' plight,  
When pitchers they shouldered, tho' dying of fright.

And since, the poor building without any head,  
And only *one* wing (to *whose* shame be it said?)  
With the stateliest tower, but the meekest front door.  
(I think that I'd better not say any more!)

'Twas an era of candles and dummies and glee,  
(Tho' now there is gas, and hot water, you see.)  
'Tis *said*, they let baskets slide down upon ropes,  
Persuaded that teachers of *that* day were mopes.

But 'tis *likewise* related that Principal bold  
Just opened her window and caught a tight hold;  
She found in that basket a frightened young man;  
She cooked him, and ate him. A sensible plan!

The story is legend, as every one knows,  
But once it is started, forever it goes;  
A boarding school mythlet, by way of canard,  
Immortal as ever the line of a bard.

And then there's the ghost—I had nearly forgotten  
Gallivanting around in its ermine of cotton;  
He liveth, thank fortune, at top of the house,  
The metempsychosis of scampering mouse.

He's peripathetic, like Hamlet's of old;  
I wonder if ever that ghost will be bold  
Enough to appear in a sulphurous splendor,  
And skirmish around *a la* Witch of Endor!

Of memories comique there are dozens, aye, scores;  
And stories amazing that go on all-fours;  
Like that of the man always "under the bed;"  
But for day and occasion enough has been said.

---

### VISIONS PROPHETIQUE.

In middle distance here we stand,  
Between one and a hundred years!  
The retrospect serenely scanned,  
But what *adown* the age appears?

Is it mirage—that stately wing?  
Or but a dream, those northern towers?  
Or all in vain that poets sing  
Of woman's soft persuasive powers—

Upon the hearts of men who hold  
The purse strings in their sterner clasp;  
Their privilege to wrest the gold  
From Mammon's sordid selfish grasp.



I see some *other* "prince of men"  
(Such must come once in fifty years!)  
Who writes his name in brass again,  
More noble name than king's or seer's.

Oh, tell me not since Godfrey died  
And left this goodly heritage,  
There are no gen'rous souls beside  
That boast a kindred baronage!

For Robertson we'll not forget;  
Since then our donor, solitaire;  
His name reads like an amulet;  
Our thanks we here again declare—

For larger Campus, Cottage too,  
Secured by his munificence;  
That gratitude doth here renew  
Let this brief line be evidence.

*Noblesse oblige*, transcendeth blood,  
A giver is a prince of God!  
That peerage antedates the flood;  
Depending not on sovereign's nod.

And charity can never fail  
Tho' tongues and prophecy may cease,  
For Christus' blood filled Holy Grail;  
To selfishness, divine surcease.

Therefore my vision will not "down,"  
The age of miracles not past;  
Nor lost this fifty years renown,  
Some peer shall know his own at last!

And Monticello's "lengthened cords"  
And "strengthened stakes" shall bless his hand;  
This institution is the Lord's  
And fears no mortal countermand.

Where is the man? How soon the deed?  
Or must there be some *princess* born  
To shame her brother's love of greed  
And usher in the happy dawn

Of Monticello's hundredth year  
Which makes her young again forsooth;  
For such beneficence, 'tis clear,  
Is promised an immortal youth.

So let my vision swing and swim  
In this enchanted atmosphere,  
Prophetic eyes refuse to dim,  
And then is now, and there is here!

Apocalyptic do you say?  
*All* prophecy is *that*, believe,  
For darkness broods the coming day!  
In dream must action pre-conceive.

I pass as doth life to memories pathetic,  
Which draw me this hour with attractions magnetic.



## MEMORIES PATHETIQUE

For happiness so soon dissolves  
While saddening thoughts troop in behind,  
The gayest living, grief involves,  
And we are slow its balm to find!

And even at this festal time  
When jest and laughter flood the place,  
When hope seems staunch and faith sublime,  
We miss some much-beloved face

Which should have looked into our own  
With rapture of its wide, glad eyes;  
And tho' we make no piteous moan,  
We feel the sobs to surface rise!

We miss the pressure of his hand,  
\*Who peerless, would have ruled this hour  
By the fine genius of command,  
And by his tones of matchless power!

Not he alone but many more,  
Who looked toward this day with pride,  
And gathered on that shining shore,  
Which means to us that such have *died*!

\*Rev. Truman M. Post.

A simple word which chills like ice—  
And makes our hearts to weigh like lead,  
Till we remember Paradise,  
And resurrection of the dead.

"To live to year of Jubilee!"  
How oft we heard the wish expressed,  
With such a fond anxiety,  
By some who've entered into rest.

†One mother, sweet in Israel,  
Who crystallized Monticello's name  
By love with scarce a parallel—  
Her hope a pearl, her faith a flame!

Of sweet young girls, *too young* to die,  
So many have the river crossed;  
If they can *hear*, there's no *reply*,  
But they have gained while we have lost!

• Another congregation waits  
Beside the one that tarries here;  
These "opens," and the golden gates  
Know friends afar and friends anear.

For *both*, I speak a closing word  
Concerning this inheritance:  
By one, by both, it may be heard—  
For heaven and earth are twins, perchance!

†"Auntie Mason."



Dear Alma Mater! no ancestral line  
 Confers its prestige on thy fair domain,  
 Nor mars thy scutcheon with imperial stain;  
 No proud usurped prerogative is thine  
 To rule beyond the royal right divine  
 Of love, which to the lover can explain  
 Why self so oft and easily is slain,  
 When veins instead of water run with wine  
 Of gen'rous blood! *Materna Imperate!*  
 Thy throne of hearts ease and thy sceptred state  
 Thou hast in fifty years most nobly won.  
 And now that half a century has run,  
 Most gracious homage we this day accord  
 Thy motherhood—ANOINTED OF THE LORD!

## THE OCTAGON TOWER.

After the Fire.

[The wreckers began tearing down the standing walls March 29, 1889. It was hoped by the Trustees, the Building committee and all students and friends that the octagon tower, which was such a distinct feature in the architecture, and such a delight to the dwellers therein, could be preserved and stand a link between the old and the new, the souvenir of the past.

But it has been found to be unsafe and the Trustees, with the advice of the Building committee, have decided that it must come down. At this writing (April 6, 1889) it stands alone. The walls on either side are gone and this loved tower raises its head over the ashes as sentinel.]

## THE LONE TOWER.

Lonelier than sphinx or pyramid, because  
 In sad prospective of pathetic pause,  
 Bereft of much that they have never known  
 In their horizon of a torrid zone;  
 The clinging tenderness of fresh young loves  
 Encompassing, like flocks of ivory doves,  
 Soft sweeps of song; a diadem of vine;  
 October—dashed with dyes of crimson wine;  
 Caressing echoes floating everywhere  
 Of lusty laughter, and low tones of prayer;  
 The whispered secrets of coy maidens' souls  
 Let loose upon their venturesome paroles;  
 All these, and more than we would fain recall  
 Just for a little, ere the lone tower fall;  
 So seamed and hurt, so desolate in grief  
 That e'en its demolition brings relief!



But yet so stately in its tall disdain  
Hauteur doth dignify the poignant pain—

We weep to see it go; its builder's pride,  
His speaking monument from time he died;  
The GODFREY tower that reared its proud grey head  
And testified the knighthood of the dead.  
No other tower of future stately pile  
Shall this allegiance from our lives beguile;  
For though rebuilt, and grander than before,  
No architecture can HEART loss restore.

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### MONTICELLO RUINS

(BY MOONLIGHT)

Toned grays, sharp etched, but bathed in silvers soft,  
By lunar atmospheres of world aloft,  
Make ruin new look prematurely old,  
'Neath stars and canopies of blue and gold.  
The reverend pile seems aged a thousand years,  
Since that bewildering night of flames and tears,  
While memories cluster like white fleets of swans,  
Around its irreclaimable bye-gones.  
When falls the Coliseum, Rome must fall,  
Too oft of empire is prophetic call;  
Eternal cities may be toppled down,  
Bereaved of sceptre and bereft of crown!  
But shall the Phoenix of a noble deed—  
Be twice destroyed? by fire—then cast its need,  
On those who answer not pathetic cry  
Of stricken Niobe who must not die?

But Monticello towers, though ground to dust,  
Must rise again because "of deed in trust;"  
Therefore, must sentiment and tears and song,  
And even prayers, white-winged and fleet and strong,  
By some swift alchemy be turned to gold,  
As things that Midas touched in days of old,  
All this the moonlight whispered to the walls,  
I heard the echo in deserted halls!

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### MONTICELLO RUINS

(BY SUNLIGHT)

The sunlight smites them with its brilliant glare,  
Till pitiless it gilds each ragged line,  
As though 'twere tracing some antique design,  
Of grand old master with a touch so rare,  
That Angelo or Raphael might despair.  
The woe is shapen to contours so fine,  
By dashes of a brush incarnadine,  
Thro' soft perspective of the golden air,  
That dignities of octagon and square,  
In builded towers of Quakerish grey stone,  
Become Mosaic, beautiful, though lone,  
As grief of Babylon, above its dust,  
Lamenting spoil of palaces august,  
And ne'er is anguish quite so desolate,  
So sharp defined by chisel of stern fate,  
As when the sunbeams with their level rays,  
Prick out its angles in their artist ways.  
'Tis ever thus! No agony so black—  
But somewhere glory sweeps across its track!



## BIRTHDAY POEM

Harriet Newell Haskell,

January 14th, 1885

All hail, dear Queen Mother, you're fifty today!  
How open a secret, 'tis needless to say.  
A spinster, moreover, your freedom intact;  
A blessed, tho' unmatrimonial, fact!

We're thankful you never were tied to a man,  
To formulate life on *his* specialized plan;  
But "pose" as the model of gracious "school marms,"  
And hold Monticello in motherly arms.

You're *not* like the woman who lived in a shoe;  
With all of your children you *know* what to do;  
The Mother Goose ditty you make over new—  
So kindly a tale, 'tis too good to be true.

You've girls that are bonny—no girls that are bad,  
Your soberest damsels you force to be glad;  
You've girls in the fashion and girls in the "rough,"  
We wonder you do not of girls get enough!

And yet you are fifty—don't tell it again.  
You'll leap in a minute to "three score and ten."  
We love you—we love you, and shall to the last,  
We judge the sweet future from blessedness past.

Hail Alba Materna! you're fifty to-day—  
We are glad you are having things all your own way.  
While older, you're younger than ever before,  
For loving makes aging a terror no more.

We give you a diamond—most precious and rare,  
And beg that the jewel you'll graciously wear,  
The love of your household it speaketh aright  
With every flash of its wonderful light.

Tho' rubies, nor diamonds, nor em'rals, nor pearls,  
You'd deem half so precious as hearts of your girls,  
Yet nestle this gem in the folds of your lace,  
Tho' ne'er can it rival the light in your face.

Thus pray we united—your teachers, your school—  
Indorsing so fully beneficent rule  
In home of the graces which stultify laws,  
So pray let us give you this treasure—because—

There are no titled princesses who can with thee  
compare,  
More winsome than the Stuart, with her face so false  
and fair;  
Astuter than Elizabeth, as blonde as Guinevère—  
Of all the Queens we read about—ours is most  
debonair—

Beloved Queen of Hearts!

Our eyes have seen the beauty of fifty vanished years,  
In which the pure evangel of a gen'rous soul appears  
Without a trace of selfishness or pessimistic fears  
To shrivel youthful joy.



Our ears have caught the music of thine optimistic  
speech,  
And listened to the lessons which thy silver tongue doth  
teach;  
With all their brave sagacity and comprehensive reach,  
Beatitudes of peace.

Our hearts hold fast the verities of thy transparent life,  
So fraught with sweetest services, with benedictions rife,  
Thou know'st the grandest motherhood, to all mankind  
art wife,  
By broadest marriage bans.

Thou'rt nearer heaven than we, dear friend; you fly  
while we but creep,  
We know the tardy laggards pace and you the eagle's  
sweep,  
*Will* you be nearer heaven than we, when all lie down  
to sleep  
Beneath the waving grass?

The *eyrie* of the eagle catching splendors of the sun,  
Is builded far beyond the goal toward which poor  
mortals run;  
Will matter plain or precipice when flight or race is done  
Below the gazing stars?

Our eyes foresee *the* beauty of the *coming* mellow years,  
Our ears are listening painfully the hush of crowding  
tears,  
Our hearts are praying silently to Him who always  
hears,  
In palaces of Heaven,—

That glory of the coming of thy surely risen Lord,  
Illuminates the pages of His grand mysterious Word  
When "golden bowl" is breaking and is "loosing silver  
cord,"

At mandate of the Christ.

That Heaven at once environ thee with its divinest  
spell  
Upon the noiseless coming of the angel Azrael,  
Whose advent is unheralded—whose time can no man  
tell,  
*He* knows the way he walketh and the saints *He* loveth  
well,  
To pass to Paradise.

When seas both high and open beat a level golden shore,  
And "Harbor Bar" goes moaning in that shelter  
nevermore,  
*Then* lives require no calendar and birthday-counts are  
o'er,  
Because the Kingdom's come.



## THE NEW ORGAN AT MONTICELLO.

It breathes! to top of the timber roof  
(Beyond the gold of the sunbeam's woof).  
In satin "runs" as of orioles,  
In heavier staves as when church bell tolls;  
In trills, as if from a hundred larks  
Who brood the echoes in English parks;  
In silver shivers, like violins  
When first the overture soft begins;  
In sweet cadenzas of nightingales  
Who voice the dark with their velvet scales;  
In tender whir, as of dappled doves  
Selecting coyly their spring-time loves;  
And more in the Vox Humana note  
As if it rippled from Patti's throat.

It sobs like storm on a rock-bound shore,  
Strikes sparks like hammers on anvil ore;  
It croons like nurse in a baby's ear,  
Then calls like a clarion high and clear;  
It laughs like a maid on her marriage morn  
Or moans as when a man-child is born.  
It wails like the weird November wind  
Regretting the summer it cannot find.

An organ! 'tis brook and breeze and bird!  
It carries the wealth of the written word;  
It sighs and swells in a martial air  
Then flutters to heaven the child's soft prayer.

An organ! 'tis dash of the ocean tide;  
'Tis vernal breath on the mountain side,  
It catches the gush of the Valley song  
Or renders "Old Hundred," grand and strong!

Our sweet "Praise Angel" hears it all  
As her brilliant robes about her fall,  
And listens as if she fain would say,  
"I've waited long for this perfect day  
When tones of color and tones of sound  
Should float and sparkle this place around;  
This beautiful chapel, widely famed  
Because of the woman for whom it's named,\*  
And also its gift to a golden cause  
Which crowneth Love, as the King of Laws!"

\*Eleanor Irwin Reid.

## MONTICELLO PRAISE ANGEL

I

(IN THE MORNING)

She's most beautiful at dawn  
In her amber, blue and fawn,  
With the olives toning down  
To a sombre touch of brown,  
Sunshine in her fluffy hair  
Like spun silk, a radiance rare.  
Love looks in her tender eyes  
And a *hint* of damask dyes



In her softened curve of cheek  
 Which the *human*, doth bespeak,  
 Just as if some damsels sweet  
 Who were wont with us to meet  
 At the hour of matin prayer  
 Guileless girls, without a care,  
 Each in turn possessed the form  
 With a mortal spirit warm.  
 Her white feet are peeping out  
 From her flowing robes about,  
 Like the feet of those who bring  
 Tidings from the Heavenly King.  
 From her "pose" of graceful ease  
 All sweet possibilities  
 Seem to blossom like the flowers  
 Of the fervid tropic bowers.  
 Lark notes lurk in her fair throat  
 As if wind or harp strings smote.  
 She might be the Queen of things  
 Which the fertile Orient brings,  
 Or the angel of the poor  
 E'en in shape of blackamoor—  
 Gloriana, in the morn  
 When is finest impulse born!  
 When she dazzles our dazed sight  
 With her vision of delight;  
 When to shining hope she wins,  
 Makes impossible our sins,  
 Calls us to advance still higher  
 As on wings of passion-fire;  
 Makes us feel that we are God's  
 Far above the desperate odds

Of the right against the wrong  
 Throbbing this world's minor song!  
 Yes! most beautiful at dawn  
 Gloriana—lissome, strong!

## II

(IN THE EVENING)

She's most comforting at eve  
 When perplexing cares we leave,  
 Knowing that we oft have failed  
 And the wrong has *most* prevailed.  
 Then into her *woman* face  
 Steals a look of *pardon*-grace;  
 Then the ambers softer grow  
 And compassion seems to glow  
 Like a nimbus round her form  
 Soft as cloud-cap after storm.  
 All the brilliant hues tone down  
 Like the lights on Alpine crown  
 When the day is dying, dead,  
 And Aurora's coursers sped.  
 Then the *mild* Praise Angel seems  
 Like the friends we greet in dreams;  
 Then her benediction falls  
 Like the dews at vesper calls;  
 Then she looks with dove-like eyes  
 And we pierce the poor disguise  
 Of e'en exquisite stained glass  
 Thro' which moonbeam's silver pass.  
 She's an angel *now* of *prayer*,  
 As she dimly shapeth there,



And she wins to *better* things  
 Than the glorious *morning* brings;  
 Better e'en than blessed hope  
 In the life thro' which we grope,—  
 Retrospect—repentance sad  
 Out of which blooms laurel glad  
 Which the victor's brows may bind  
 When the sin is left behind.  
 Dolorosa, she, at eve  
 When she deigns with us to grieve,  
 When she dims mid shadows fleet,  
 Gathering about her feet,  
 And she seems more human still,  
 Pitying our wayward will!  
 Dolorosa brings reprieve,  
 So, most *comforting* at eve.

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### UNDINE\*

A gift! what means it with its motive fine?  
 A friend! how lifts she to the thermal line?  
 A benefit received! how speak its charm  
 And crown the giver ere she take alarm?  
 What could our Lady more to us bequeathe  
 Than this fine figure which appears to breathe,  
 Thro' draperies so gossamer and sheer  
 They woven seem of shining atmosphere

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\*The marble statuette of Undine was presented to Monticello  
 by Hon. Mrs. S. V. White of Brooklyn, N. Y. (Eliza M. Chandler,  
 Class of 1852.)

Thro' which a woman's form is clearly seen,  
 Soulless but shapely exquisite Undine;  
 Who *fears* the burden of a human soul  
 With involutions of its tragic role.  
 The poet's fancy hath the sculptor caught  
 And this rare vision from the marble wrought;  
 The tilted foot fleet as Diana's own  
 When she tracks greeneries of forest zone;  
 The rounded arms with curves of wondrous grace  
 Like Aphrodite's which Greek artists trace;  
 Her body when the cunning work was done,  
 Nine muses gathered into grace of one;  
 Such is the spirit of the silver spring  
 To all wave melodies soft answering  
 The august god—Apollo Belvidere  
 Poses a *victor*—mindless of all fear,  
 A fine scorn palpitate in nostril wide  
 As he slays Python in triumphant pride;  
 A god enamored of his sure success  
 And knowing satisfaction limitless;  
 But Undine stands a simple woman-shape  
 While river mists her beauteous body drape,  
 Her proud humility more passing sweet  
 Than triumph of the Grecian god-athlete.  
 Her modest mien a sermon in a stone  
 Which preaches in the mellowest of tone,  
 As Undine looks in her serene retreat  
 As pure as seraphim from head to feet,  
 Her flawless beauty in her robe of mist  
 So chastely pure 'twas never color-kissed.  
 The gift is matchless, and a gift apart;  
 A genius miracle of witching art:



For we, this fact most certainly discern  
 A carven marble has a grace eterne;  
 Time doth not fade it, and no death it knows  
 As runs the tragedy of last year's rose.  
 No wrinkles cluster on its contours fair,  
 No grey locks flutter in its wind-blown hair,  
 No curves grow shrunken from their rounded arch  
 Nor tones a-tremulous once sweet as larks,  
 For statues carry an immortal youth  
 No age can wither them, nor care forsooth!  
 And *this* white wonder of the sculptor's skill,  
 With its rare beauty of a tricky will,  
 Shall last beyond more common gift of gold  
 Which spends before the magic tale is told—  
 Undine is Undine when our hearts are worn,  
 And our tired bodies to their bourns are borne.  
 A book, altho' a Hugo in itself  
 May gather dust upon the topmost shelf;  
 A canvas, curl or be obscured by grime,  
 Or smoke, or dust, or ravages of time;  
 A vase may shatter into shivered parts  
 Altho "Satsuma" with its Orient arts;  
 A fountain even, will not always flow  
 If water-courses in their beds run low,  
 But *Undine*, veiling in her robe of tears  
 Is just as lovely in a hundred years!

Monticello, October, 1894.

## A MID-SUMMER DAY DREAM

'Twas after Commencement; no sound to be heard;  
 No voice of a maiden, no trill of a bird;  
 No face in the window, no step on the stair,  
 No echo in hall-way; no music in air;  
 No rustle of raiment, the quiet so tense  
 I wondered if I were bereft of my sense.  
 And then I fell musing as women oft do  
 Of questions whose answers they wish that they knew!  
 More volatile visions my dream shuttle caught  
 Than any which poets so subtly have wrought:  
 Processionals white came gliding along  
 So gay with their laughter, so blithe with their song,  
 And yet—there were quivering suggestions of fears  
 And down into roses were dropped a few tears!  
 Processionals finer than Phidias drew  
 On Parthenon friezes for Attica's view;  
 For their lines were all damsels soft floating in gauze  
 As they passed me so swiftly—no time for applause  
 Nor query—where *does* the girl graduate *go*?  
 A fact which the ECHO is *trying* to show!  
 For life is a maelstrom whose swirl is so strong  
 It sucks in its vortex a numerous throng;  
 And sometimes will only toss wreckage ashore  
 From deeps of its wild and tumultuous roar!  
 But *dreams* would re-people *Sahara's* lone land  
 With fairies as free as Titania's band,  
 And therefore most heart-some my day vision grew  
 While thronging with girls that I formerly knew;  
 Their faces as sunny and pure as of old,  
 Tho' lined by the drama experience has told.



We call them Alumnae and beckon them back;  
A few of them turn in the tortuous track  
And give us brief glimpses of women refined  
Because of chaste graces of heart and of mind—  
And after—the ECHO *would keep* them in sight  
The pride of lang syne days—a *growing* delight!

\* \* \* \* \*

And then—my dream palace turned palace in air  
With *cloud* faces trooping—than earthly—more fair;  
*Another* processional passed me in white,  
Ascending pearl city's most crystalline height—  
Mt. Clear! that lifts over terrestrial glooms,  
And points resurrection from desolate tombs!  
Alumnae—*so silent!* but dearly loved yet;  
For who, the "translated" can ever forget?  
Our guardian angels? oh, can we deny  
That "ministering spirits" are sometimes close by?  
'Tis well to believe it tho' only in dreams,  
For sables are silvered by faith's fitful gleams!  
Life's echoes are discords! Death's silences sweet?  
We wait for the angel whose coming is fleet—  
So *both* those processions steal steadily on  
Tho' Mid-Summer day dream was speedily gone!

## TO MADAM GODFREY ON HER 82nd BIRTHDAY

February 8th, 1888.

The snowy blossoms of your years  
Are lilies with some dew of tears—  
Would I could jewel send to you  
Graved—Jubilate! '82!

Does golden light touch silver crown?  
Have you forgot your locks were brown,  
Or black, or chestnut, in the sun  
When you and merriment were one?

'Tis no *great* grief—this growing old—  
There are such charming stories told  
Of morns that melt to afternoons  
Then vanish, 'neath the harvest moons.

Congratulations then to you  
That you are young at '82!  
There's no such thing as growing old  
When we immortal life enfold—

Your *years* are *crowns!* nor flowers nor gems  
Can ornament such diadems—  
I send you but this halting line  
As signal from this heart of mine

That, as do mariners at sea  
We "speak" each other—cheerily;  
We are no longer "*outward* bound"  
But sailing *in*—our haven found



By many voyagers before  
Whose shallops touched a "shining shore"  
They *wait* upon that jasper strand  
A spirit fleet of Summer land.

And whatsoever age we tell  
There breathes in *figures*—poet's spell!  
We cannot count our hopes or fears  
So leave to Heaven our tale of tears!

The world is wide—our *loves* are naught  
Unless by Christ's sweet prescience taught;  
But *lives* bear monograms divine  
Which need no crude terrestrial sign!—

There is no need to *comfort* you  
Because you're age'd—82—  
No word despondent shall be said  
But—*hail*—. *Victoria*—! instead!

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### THE MONTICELLO ECHO

Hark! is't an echo of that bright chime  
We know as the golden girlhood time?  
When we "loved and lost," and then loved again,  
Because we were—oh! so "gushing" then!  
Will it catch the key of Constantina's bell?  
And the creak of the "pump" at the old North well?  
Will it whisper the secrets we told so oft  
In tones that were sweet and low and soft?  
The frivolous secrets, just nothing at all,  
And as stale as the music of "After the Ball,"

But which we thought were as grand and great  
As any of Europe's wiles of state!

Hark! is't an echo from those stone walls  
Resounding oft with our Babel calls,  
When laughter rippled like bubbling brooks,  
As we flung them down—those tiresome books,  
And hied us away to the sunniest nooks,  
The frowns all swept from our weary looks;  
Will the echo catch that fall of feet  
That pattered along the Godfrey street  
To the mart where forbidden sweets were sold.  
Nor did it matter they were so old!  
'Twas the new, new tale of that Eden told,  
And some were timid and some were bold!

Hark! is't an echo from that old "gym?"  
Where fun was fast, but the music slim?  
Where we frolicked and danced with a sometime yell  
That would stir the students of big Cornell;  
When we showed more wit in devising games  
Than in learning lessons for elder dames.  
No more was thought of the "aching back"  
Which puzzled the "teacher" upon our track.  
No more we pleaded defective sight,  
For—*don't you know?* It was *Friday* night?  
There's nothing so good for a sick school-girl  
As a free "off" night and a "bang" in curl!

Hark! is't an echo of song and prayer  
When each soul droppeth its weight of care  
And just for a moment lifts to themes  
That are even sweeter than girlhood's dreams?



When we loved so much and leaned so hard  
On her who was now our mother-guard.  
Yes! 'tis an echo of all pure things,  
When life is rosy and youth has wings,  
When smiles are sunny and tear drops start  
At slightest flutter of each fresh heart.  
'Tis echo of all those rarest joys  
Which come but once with no grief-alloys.

An echo of old Monticello life  
Then—of broader fields and a fiercer strife;  
The spring song swept to a tenser chord  
Which carried some anthem of the Lord.  
The echo of what has gone before  
And brought salvation to one soul more.  
Then hail it! and swell it and pass it on!  
In mem'ry of days that are long since gone.  
Of sainted souls that have passed the gates  
To "title clear" of well earned estates!  
Yes! hail it and swell it for days to be,  
And for all glad eyes that this kingdom see.

Monticello, June, 1894.

## Ramblers



## THE MONTICELLO GIRL

(Dedicated to the Rhetoric Class of '95)

O what a curious creature, now her hair is not in curl,  
But parted in the middle, is the Monticello girl!  
Like old colonial maidens, she's bewitchingly demure,  
But she's the "same old sixpence," and of that you may  
be sure!

She carries arms "akimbo," I mean when in repose,  
But swings them when she's walking, as every teacher  
knows  
Who sits a patient "wall flower" at chapel morning  
prayer  
And sees the damsels enter, a processional quite fair.

*Except*, they go "all over," in a carnival of joints,  
And they could give an acrobat some very telling points.  
They'd "clap" a "graven image" I verily believe,  
If seen upon the platform, altho' it couldn't breathe!

Yet she's a curious creature, this Monticello girl,  
Her very mixed resources keep my senses in a whirl;  
Her combs are monumental and her sleeves so very  
large,  
They might upon the Cydnus sail Cleopatra's barge!

In *some* of her exhibits she's the queerest of the queer,  
Tho' the reason for that queerness I cannot make appear.  
She is always passing-anxious to "paint" or "play" or  
"sing"  
And she would practice all day long upon a banjo string;



But the ghost of an idea makes her quake within her shoes;  
And Friday Composition Class is only good to *lose*;  
She bites her nails, she tears her hair, she gnaws her pencil top  
If she must *write*—she'd rather be a drudge of Bridget's mop.

But with all her quips and "curl-e-cues" the Monticello maid  
Is a very lovely product, and not to be gainsaid.  
She's gracious to her teachers—and 'tis only Rhetoric class  
That rouses animosity of this bewitching lass!!

She'll pose for you, she'll trill for you, but does not care to *write*!  
She hates a pen worse than a dog with hydrophobia bite!  
She'll dress for you, she'll *die* for you, but oh! she will not think!  
She only studies how she can that next week's "essay" shrink!!!

But yet somehow she blossoms out, when she's a woman grown,  
As if she were especially adapted to a throne,  
And she'll "do" all the "latest fads" and do them at first sight;  
When—presto, change! a miracle! she finds that she *can* write.

And all because a prim old maid put thoughts into her head  
Which must have fructified o' nights when in her little bed;  
And thus a teacher waits you see, nor gives impatient sign  
Until her pupil does agree that thinking is divine!

For 'tis the summer ripeneth when suns are fierce and hot,  
And rainbow curves the sable cloud, God's sure forget thee not!  
For shine and storm so chasten life and bring its virtues out,  
That then and not till then perhaps, she's much to write about.

---

### TO THE COMPOSITION CLASS

Dear girls of my Compo's, I bid you good-bye.  
I know that you'll each wet your kerchief with *cry*!  
Your parodies, sermons, and stories are done;  
No more you need bother your brains with a pun.  
Your summer is coming, with nothing to do  
Except straightway forget what you *thought* that you knew;  
Moreover, you'll write—in *any* person you please  
And skip punctuation as if you were fleas.  
Your capital letters can "go to the dogs!"  
Your sentences dance thro' rhetorical fogs;



Your slang can be "catchy"; don't let it be vile,  
 Lest you should adopt the street gamins' style.  
 Oh glorious freedom; no teacher is nigh;  
 No longer you need to be gay "on the sly!"  
 You can swing your bare arms with true pump-handle  
     grace  
 And get a golf-tan on your lily white face.  
 You can walk on your heels, and come down with a  
     thud;  
 As if a Goliath—and not a "girl bud;"  
 Play eternal "ping-pong"—that imbecile game  
 Till back, and both arms, and elbows are lame!  
 You *can*, but you *won't*; most devoutly 'tis *hoped*,  
 And because you have never been girls that have moped  
 You've learned the wide diff'rence 'tween a knight  
     and a dude,  
 The "golden mean" running 'tween hoyden and prude.  
 So, girls of my Compo's I bid you farewell  
 With this parting instruction: don't use the word  
     "*swell*;"  
 For if you do say it, my ghost will appear  
 And make you feel "creepy" and terribly queer!  
 Remember the lessons that you have been taught,  
 Remember the mustn'ts,—and duty-word "*ought*!"  
 Remember moreover the numerous "*mays*"  
 That have crowned with such gladness your merry  
     school days!

## RHETORIC

Dear Rhetoric Class, before you're done  
 You each will need a Gatling gun  
 To shoot your teacher thro' the head  
 When your wild *metaphors* are read,  
 For metaphors get "mixed," you see,  
 When schoolgirls set their pedigree.  
 Some one will sail a ship on land,  
 And think the figure nobly planned,  
 Or plant a wheat field in the seas,  
 Or make orations grow on trees,  
 Or build that "castle in the air,"  
 And *try* to make it firm and square!  
 Or set the ladder Fame on end  
 And to its top some hero send,  
 And having made this sorry boost  
 Then leave him there to sadly roost!  
*Hyperboles* will come in troops,  
 Not there imagination droops;  
 And *exclamations* by the score,  
 What is your conversation more?  
 'Tis "cute!" 'tis "lovely!"—and "oh rats!"  
 Why *don't* you rather say, "by cats!"?  
 For they are worse a thousand times  
 Than all the rats that run in rhymes,  
 Like Bishop Hatto's, don't you know?  
 That story has rhetoric "go!"  
 Your *similes* will beat the Dutch,  
 Your *allegories* need a crutch,  
*Antithesis* may make you mad,  
 But *climax* is not *very* bad.



*Exaggeration* 's not so rare,  
 You breathe it like your native air.  
*Interrogations?* there you're "in it!"  
 You ask a thousand in a minute!  
 At *irony* you are not "slow",  
 And lay your helpless victim low.  
*Metonymy* takes seven shapes  
 That can't be writ by Jack-a-knapes.  
*Synecdoche* is common talk,  
 So at that one you need not balk.  
*Apostrophe* makes peroration,  
 That's not an every day vocation;  
 And to *personify* is "nice"  
 Because you do it in a trice!  
 Then comes that *onomatopoea*—  
 The name for it seems rather queer,  
 While *paralipsis* means "suppress"—  
 No school girl can do that, I guess.  
 Last—*vision* makes the plump sixteen,  
 And now you're wondering what *I* mean  
 By this bewildering category  
 Which leads you on to Senior glory.  
 Perhaps you wish your teacher dead,  
 But wait—she'll pat you on the head,  
 And lead you up these golden stairs,  
 With only sixteen petty scares!

## SPRING

### RHETORIC

I think it is the queerest thing  
 The way that poets write of spring  
 When cyclones on the rampage are  
 As skittish as a shooting star!  
 When mercury runs up and down  
 As if it were a circus clown,  
 And all the busy honey bees  
 Instead of buzzing only sneeze;  
 When Wordsworth's poem, "Daffodils,"  
 Is quite enough to give one chills;  
 When robins' notes within them freeze  
 And bantams shiver on their knees;  
 When all the trees have ague fits  
 And weather comes in sample bits;  
 When violets are blue with cold  
 So cannot *smell* when they are sold.  
 As soon as one gets flannels off  
 He finds himself with racking cough,  
 And then he puts them on again  
 As Fahrenheit marks four score ten!  
 Dear Spring, I know you once were born  
 And mothered by some April morn.  
 But now you surely have got lost  
 As baby girl in Ganges tossed.  
 One cannot go on any trip  
 Because forsooth he's got the grip,  
 For Spring's first cousin to Jack Frost,  
 In "dispositions" they are "crossed."



One day you need a sealskin coat  
 The next on gauzy gown you dote;  
 Then come the bugs and horrid bats  
 And nightly waul of wandering cats.  
 The moths begin to eat your clothes,  
 Mosquitoes chassez o'er your nose.  
 This is the gentle, guileless spring  
 Those idiot poets often sing.  
 'Tis not what it's cracked up to be,  
 They cannot hoodwink you and me!  
 Oh, come once more, dear storied spring,  
 When bobolinks were on the wing,  
 With scent of lilies in the air,  
 And vernal breezes everywhere!

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## NOVEMBER

(A *Little* AFTER TOM HOOD)

No fun, no fudge,  
 No play, no smudge,  
 No friends, no foes,  
 No proper time for "bows,"  
 No "pas," no portly "mas,"  
 No meeting them at cars.

No "winding" with our mates,  
 No going home for fêtes,  
 No easy ways to sit,  
 No lessons we can quit,

No privilege for asking,  
 No getting it by masking,  
 No use at all in teasing,  
 No sympathy when sneezing.

No gentlemen to call,  
 No getting "10" at all,  
 No chance of swift promotion,  
 No noise, so no commotion,  
 No "hash," no "roast,"  
 No "box" from any coast.

No sandwiches, no cheese,  
 No pickles, "if you please,"  
 No gourmand's capability,  
 No Sunday disability,  
 No waste, no cheerful sight  
 Of serenade at night.

No careless use of gas,  
 By any crazy lass,  
 No shirk, no vain excuse,  
 No plead that's any use,  
 No snow, no freeze,  
 No icicle on trees,  
 No jolly feel in any lazy member.  
*Old girls*, do you remember  
 Your "Monti" in

No - vember?



## A "PERFECT DAY"

A "perfect day"  
Did our Principal say  
In her mood so gay?  
Before she had winked  
The thing got kinked  
And the sun grew dim,  
While the chance was slim  
But 'twould rain ere night  
Tho' the *morn* was bright!

Those busy bees  
In the locust trees  
Must have wished to sneeze  
In the damp, damp breeze;  
And the humming bird  
If he had but heard  
Her thrilling word  
As her soul was stirred  
Must have stuck his bill  
With a right good will  
In his merry eye  
As she passed him by  
In the afternoon,  
For she'd bragged too soon!

A perfect day  
In the month of May,  
With the roads afloat  
(Which suggest a boat)

And Fritz's steam  
For a matin dream.  
The fields a-soak,  
And the ulster cloak  
The thing to wear  
In the chilly air.

Tell me not in coaxing numbers  
Spring days are just what they seem,  
I'll repeat e'en in my slumbers  
Spring *cannot dispense* with steam.

So the buzzing bee  
With the yellow back  
And the humming bird  
On his sunny track,  
And the "Tempo" girls  
With their tossing curls  
Or their straightening crimps  
(For all their primps)  
Will have to wait  
For a later date  
Ere 'tis safe to say  
'Tis a *perfect day*!

But the speech was fine  
And it foamed like wine!  
And the truths were gold  
That the speaker told!

We'll simply *wait* for another moon,  
And call them back in the month of June.



## THE TRAGIC COMEDY OF THE BURNING BED

The babe lay on the burning bed  
Without a hair upon its head!  
The flame that lit the curtain lace  
Played round its little wrinkled face.

Yet, horrid red, and small she lay  
Tho' born to rule, some future day,  
An infant of heroic blood  
If she must burn, or die by flood;

The flames rolled on, she could not stir  
Without her mother helping her,  
Her father in another room  
Was snoring like a cannon boom!

She bawled aloud! She could not speak,  
Her force was but a baby squeak,  
The wail but *meant*—say, mother, say,  
Will you not bear me far away?

Speak, father, once again, she wailed,  
My mother's courage now has failed;  
While but the curling flames replied  
As that deserted baby cried.

Upon her brow she felt their breath,  
But knew not they betokened death;  
She lay in pitiful despair,  
And tore in grief her "non est" hair!

She wailed again once more aloud  
Altho' she was a baby proud,  
My mother must I stay?  
And still the flames made rapid way.

They wrapped the bed in splendor wild,  
They streamed above the gallant child,  
They caught the canopies on high  
Like banners in a sunny sky.

Then came a rush of hurrying feet,  
The father's step was firm and fleet,  
He played the most heroic part,  
And gave that babe a second start!

No mast or helm or pennon fair  
Had that poor baby perished there!  
No tragedy of burning bed!  
Because that she was rescued!

The "mother love" was scared to bits;  
The father only kept his wits!  
The baby now a woman grown  
Is Queen of Monticello throne,

Who ne'er has lost a level head  
Tho' upside down in burning bed,  
For all that topsy turvy fare  
She's always "right side up—with care!"



TO L. L. H.

While in Germany

And what did you think  
Your blue eyes a-blink  
When I sent you no verse?  
(I might have done worse!)  
To make your birthday  
A trifle more gay?  
Pray could you expect  
That I would select  
Such miserable way  
To lead you astray  
And make you believe  
Your aunt was a-grieve  
That you had been born  
One November morn?  
For it is most sad  
To *try* to make glad  
With line that is lame  
As if 'twere a game,  
A niece that just leaps  
Into luckiest heaps  
Like brisk Kangaroo  
In some royal Zoo!

And what can she write  
To absentee Kit  
When letters galore  
Fly into her door?  
There's aunts Katy and "Sib"  
And versatile Lib,

With Helen and May  
And one Dora Gay!  
Then, Clarence for foil  
As genial as oil,  
And for very last "fake"  
Her Highness—Miss Drake!  
The *reason* for *that*  
Ask Principal Tat!  
Perhaps *she* can tell.  
I know very well  
There's some axe to grind  
That no one can find  
Who does not know Drake  
As "taking the cake"  
With delicate(?) push  
Thro' thorniest bush!

This year's been a muss  
And no end of fuss  
For Tat *has* been ill  
And had a vile chill.  
She froze and she snoze (past tense  
of sneeze)  
And run at the noze.  
Moreover her "spleen"  
Grew broader between,  
And some other things  
No poet who sings  
Should mention in verse  
Which ought to be terse!  
But now 'tis all over,  
We live in sweet clover.



Yes! Ruckstuhl is here,  
That fact is quite clear;  
"Tat" sits for her bust  
Each day—'cause she *must*!  
It's fun—and it "aint,"  
'Twould tire out a saint  
To pose before mud  
And chew the sweet "cud  
Of reflection" for hours  
While waiting for him  
From outline most dim  
To bring out some wrinkle;  
It can't be a dimple  
At sixty and four  
As we count the years o'er!  
We like the man, tho'!  
As big sculptors go,  
He's better than most  
Tho' willing to boast!  
But then he *has* done it  
So let him drop plummet  
And sound his own worth  
From day of his birth.  
He'll "do" our own "Tat"  
Bet *life* upon *that*!

My very own niece  
Is dwelling in peace  
Among all these girls  
With Pompadour curls.  
'Tis rarely she *speaks*  
And nobody seeks,

But no more is *shy*  
Than bug in your eye!  
As happy as clam  
And meek as a lamb,  
But tho' she don't talk  
She still "knows a hawk  
From a hand-saw,"—By Jove  
She's curiously wove!  
*I'm glad* she is here  
In this novel sphere,  
She so much enjoys,  
Not caring for boys  
Or one of those things  
Which society brings,  
Thinks "Monti" is "great"  
And blesses her fate.

Thanksgiving next week  
Which makes me feel meek  
As Moses of old  
When out in the cold.  
That "play" must come off  
With Jane Ware to scoff  
And others to sneer  
"Not good as *last* year!"

Orgeni's a "trump"  
Or else she's a "gump"  
Because she can't tell  
When you up and yell  
If mezzo, or no.  
She must be some "slow"



At guessing the kind  
To suit her own mind!  
But sing as you choose  
And let her abuse  
Those *low* notes you love  
Like coo of a dove,  
That is—if she *dares*  
To put on such airs!

There's no more of note  
To tell you by rote.  
The world's still awry  
To my wide awake eye!  
To *you* it is sheen  
And the pastures are green  
And that is the "diff"  
Which puts me in tiff!  
However, I'll smile  
And wish you the while  
The very *best* time  
In that foreign clime  
With your jaw-breaking Dutch,  
*Don't* study it *much*.  
And tho' not *as* clever  
Believe me as ever  
That nervous old flea  
Your flighty

AUNT GEE.

## TO MONTICELLO GIRLS

Yes, dear girls, at last I've played it; this great act of  
"going abroad,"  
And I've found that grand old Europe isn't anywise a  
"fraud!"  
E'en the big Atlantic Ocean was a genuine surprise  
When I first began to view it with mine own astonished  
eyes.

For to sail and sail forever; not a single sail in sight—  
To be nowhere in the morning—and again, nowhere at  
night;  
Then, to rock the restless billow for seven mortal weary  
days  
Makes our precious "terra firma" seem a myth in  
various ways.

Now I'll answer all your questions just as if I were in  
court;  
For the ECHO kindly asks me if I will not "please  
report?"  
Tho' the European traveler is a solitaire never more  
Inasmuch, as thousands of them bridge the brine from  
shore to shore.

"Was the English channel choppy?" *No*, 'twas placid  
as a pool!  
"Did I buy a Paris bonnet?" *No*, I didn't mind the  
rule;  
For, believe me, Paris bonnets are traditions of the past,  
As Napoleonic Empire was not made to always last.



And the vaunted Paris fashions are too much American;  
Or, the famous "Worth" creations need creation o'er again;  
And the world is growing wiser with regard to fair Par-ee  
Tho' she still is dainty Paris, and most beautiful to see.

"Do the English drop their h's?" Not if they have been to school!  
"Are they then so very lofty?" Yes! the Queen was rather cool!  
"Did she deign to call upon us?" No, she went *away* from home!  
We were glad—and sped to Windsor where we were allowed to roam—

At our own sweet will the castle; such a storied stately pile  
That it makes our Young Republic seem a little juvenile  
As we catch the charm historic in the atmosphere of Kings  
Tho' it be the "spangled banner" that within our bosom sings!

"Then the Tower, and the Abbey, and the great Westminster Hall,  
Where the ghosts *must* walk at midnight, could you comprehend them all?"  
"Did the Little Princes meet you on that dark and tragic stair?"  
(Twas'nt safe to look behind you lest you get some horrid scare).

"Was the Rhine a disappointment?" *Never*; for a single mile!  
"Were the days at Oxford witching?" Yes; enchantment all the while!  
"Are the Dutch so *very* Dutchy as is written in the books?"  
Would that I could ever tell you just *how* queer a Dutchman looks!

And in all my rambling journey "what was that which pleased me *most*?"  
When *that* question calls for answer I am deaf as any post!  
Heidelberg sweeps o'er my vision, and the Baden Baden dream  
And I cannot tell the difference—which was peach—and which was cream!

"Was Lucerne as green as emerald?" "Was Geneva blue as sky?"  
"Was the Righi *all* you pictured when you found yourself so high?"  
Yes, and yes, and yes; all over, for the land of William Tell  
Switzerland close kisses heaven, and she won me with her spell—

"Was the Jungfrau crowned with crystal?" "glory of both land and air?"  
I'll refer you to the guide book; you will find it mentioned there!  
"Was Mt. Blanc?"—ah! pass that over—I am not a poet rare;  
But that sight was an evangel which to phrase I do not dare!



"Were the voyages alluring?" Let the curtain here be  
drawn!  
For there seemed some strange commotion, as regards  
both brain and brawn;  
*Why*, I couldn't stand uprightly, let some other person  
tell  
When that goodly ship St. Louis quivered on an ocean  
swell!

"Do you? *do* you?" (there you have me) "dare to wish  
to go again?"  
Every summer—let me tell you—till I reach my "three  
score ten!"  
'Twas a most delicious "outing!" but the half cannot be  
told,  
And I've now forgot the pictures worth their weight in  
solid gold.

Turner, Ruysdael, dear Murillo, and the Raphael car-  
toons!  
(Tho' there were some horrid daubings that you  
wouldn't take as boons).  
In the Louvre the Venus, (Milo), Rubens, Rembrandt  
in their homes!  
And the *bells*! I hear them ever in the grand Cathedral  
domes.

Yes! I want to do it *over*! I could write pathetic verse  
In a language that would move you, it would be so  
tense and terse,  
Of the things that we *omitted*; ah! I pray you, pity me—  
Lest I phrase a lamentation for the sights I *didn't* see!

## VERSES VARIOUS

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### A MEET OF KINGS

There is a hush in England; the flood tide of Laureate's  
lay,  
Has ebbd to pulseless silences along that shining way;  
For his is now the "vanished hand;" a golden "voice is  
still."  
Ah! who can sweep that royal harp with such a rhythmic  
skill.

He wrote his own "memorian" in requiem for his friend,  
Which beats in minors to the note of triumph at the end.  
A wider main than Genoese, he sailed with hope's clear  
chart;  
A new St. Christopher finds God because so "pure in  
heart!"

His carols ripple pages, as thro' valleys sing the brooks;  
He was the minstrel of the court, but more of quiet  
nooks.  
His words like soft breath viols, his lines like drip of  
flutes,  
But now his barque coasts sunrise lands; who knows to  
what salutes?

It was ideal dying, as the moonlight touched the face  
Of English King of Letters, with its weird and solemn  
grace;



It silvered all the iron greys that spread the pillow  
white,  
And made that room the vestibule of heaven's celestial  
light.\*

He thrust his nerveless fingers 'tween the leaves of  
Cymbeline,  
And called the verse to testify a faith in "things  
unseen."  
He summoned matchless master of Elizabethan peers—  
The sovereign of sweet Avon, who has slept two hundred  
years.

The monarch death was powerless, before this regal  
twain,  
To pierce the prostrate patriarch with anything like pain.  
The passing was a sacrament, a paean of release,  
As to this meet of triple kings, there came the Prince of  
Peace.

And so that chamber shrined the four, the Lord of lyric  
verse—  
The wizard of the drama, and of sonnet tense and terse.  
The victor of the sable plume who bent imperial head,  
As the white crowned Emanuel received the noble dead.

It *was* dramatic dying; the shallop crossed the bar,  
No pennon at the mast head, but 'twas gemmed with  
evening star.

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\*It cannot be "so soon forgot" that Tennyson died with the  
moonlight flooding his chamber and his fingers between the  
leaves of Shakespeare's Cymbeline.

Such Laureate needs no "Union Jack" to be for him  
unfurled;  
He was beloved of nations and his Abbey is the world!

Not hall of William Rufus, nor throne room of the Czar,  
Was scene of such right royal "meet" this side the  
"gates ajar."  
'Twas only passage of a soul that spoke poetic word,  
But its temple shone with glory at the coming of the  
Lord.

---

## THE DIGNITY OF DEATH

'Mid halls of Doges, and a hundred isles  
Where flash white palaces in mouldering piles,  
There died in Venice but the other day  
A poet, who, some other poets say,  
Was master handler of their own rare art  
Which makes a "study" of the human heart.

A fleet of gondolas in tender charge  
Of that idyllic but funereal barge,  
Through silver mist which shrouded burial train,  
Attending on this fallen peer of brain,  
Plashed soft the water-ways along the shore  
Toward arches of St. Michael's chapel door.



And then to Westminster the bier was borne,  
By granite-ways the centuries have worn;  
And Robert Browning sleeps amid the dust  
Which is the Abbey's consecrated trust;  
The dust of heroes of both sword and pen,  
Proud England's galaxy of bright-starred men.

But crownèd singer can no more be king  
In death's broad realm than poorest underling.  
No matter how obscure a dead man be,  
Or what the lapses in his pedigree,  
This touch majestical hath made him great  
Beyond caprice of sternest human fate.  
He is a monarch in this sovereign hour  
Who, though subdued, is clothed upon with power.

---

### WHITTIER

ON THE BRIGHT SIDE OF '84.

A king is dead? Ah, no! a king is born  
To royalties 'neath heaven's celestial morn.  
There is no death in empire of the brain  
And so no note of funeral refrain.  
"Passed on!" the purest singer of them all  
Whose wild-wood notes and sterner clarion call  
Have been our rosaries of poet song  
Since we were young and summer days were long.  
With reverent hand we take the lyrics down  
Which won their master an Olympian crown:

"Snow Bound" and "Sweet Maud Muller Raking  
Hay,"

In meadows not a dozen miles away;  
The "Barefoot Boy," sire of the "coming man"  
By primal sequence since the world began.  
'Tis "Spring Song" all, behind that dip of oar  
Whose silver blade has touched the unseen shore  
Which gathers home that high imperial clan  
Who've kindled faith in majesty of man!  
Its last sweet trill that of the nightingale  
Ere morning flashed the shadowed intervale,  
Outsinging "thrushes of the eventide,"  
Although the melodies float side by side.

No age in verse! A hundred years or more  
But zephyr-float it through the azure door  
Of higher altitudes than we can know  
Who drone in murky valleys here below.

No touch like his—our Bard of Indian names  
Descendant of a line of Quaker dames;  
Crisp, resonant and clear each moral line,  
As clear in purpose as a Zodiac Sign;  
Of such a life the mellow "after-glow"  
Is like rose-sunrise over fields of snow.



## THE BROWNINGS

(Reunited)

To greet *his* poet-presence drawing nigh,  
Did *she* not lean  
From azure parapets of cloud-capped sky,  
His wife—his queen?  
Could she forget (tho' happier on high),  
Earth's fair demesne?

No bride nor bridegroom in supernal sphere  
Does heaven allow?  
No orange blossom glistening with a tear  
On bridal brow?  
No wedded love beyond, which bourgeoned here  
In marriage vow?

There *must* be marriage by some *finer name*,  
In that far land!  
There must be rarer than love's beacon flame  
On golden strand.  
It must be purer, tho' 'tis not the same  
The angel band

That binds twin souls beyond our circling sun,  
Without surcease  
By ties that fasten many, and not one  
As loves increase.  
No need of "sonnets," tho' in golden tongue  
Called "Portuguese!"

There love that's measured by our mortal sense  
In these half-glooms  
Grows glory, dwarfing by its power immense  
Earth's narrow rooms!  
White light then opens with its glow intense  
Heaven's whiter blooms.

The Brownings! tho' we now must call them dead  
Can never die!  
The whole world shall be better, easier led,  
For their close tie!  
They cannot separate when all is said,  
Nor we be-lie,

Our high belief that in the world beyond  
They're married *more!*  
Tho' with a passion growing *sacred-fond*  
As ne'er before,  
For each doth now celestially respond  
On Canaan's shore!

So 'tis not "marriage" in our finite speech  
Which feels earth-jar,  
But rounder knowledge than our lovers reach  
On this lone star!  
A law of loving which the angels teach,  
And holier far!

We talk familiar dialect of heart  
With its fair deed;  
But we believe there is diviner chart  
Than this we heed.  
The Brownings! can we think of them apart?  
There is no need!



## MONODIES OF THE THREE MARYS

### I.

MARY OF BETHANY.

"I am the Resurrection and the Life!"  
'Twas thus He spake at my dead Lazarus' tomb  
Revoking Death's intolerable doom.  
The words, now, cut me like Damascus knife,  
While hope and doubt are at unhappy strife  
Concerning uplift of this total gloom  
In which no Immortelles can ever bloom.  
Oh, fears, with which my throbbing heart is rife!  
Did I break alabaster box in vain  
And weep and cover with my unbound hair  
The feet of Him by the great victor slain  
Who should have been the Victor, heavenly fair?  
Have I shed tears for naught—a silver rain  
Which drowns mine eyes in deluges again?

### II.

MARY OF MAGDALA.

"Christ crucified!" who made *me* clean and whole!  
Stars, pale in heaven! O, suns smite out your fires!  
Angels of God, be wroth, dash down your lyres!  
Be patient, O my faith, though dumb my soul.  
Salvation! is it worth such day of dole?  
What sadness now awaits *all* funeral pyres—  
What blotting out of these new-born desires!  
Spread sere-cloth, spread, from Calvary to pole!

"Rabboni"—oh, the music of that name!  
Must it be dropped from out my daily speech?  
And, "Mary" from His lips how sweet it came,  
When my abasement that dear call did reach!  
I still believe, my faith remains the same;  
That sure forgiveness I *cannot* impeach!

### III.

MARY OF BETHLEHEM (MADONNA).

For *this*, dear Gabriel, did'st thou make me glad?  
Annunciation lilies on my breast,  
Selected of all women to be blest  
With matchless woe? What somber joy I had  
When I communèd with the wondrous Lad  
And, then, with mine own heart, in eager quest  
Of what distinguished Him from all the rest!  
This once fair earth is now in sable clad,  
This bankrupt earth! the trust I clutched so fast,  
That I was mother of transcendent Son,  
Is with its silver promise all o'erpast!  
I *am* elected—the bereavèd one  
To be the first of mourners and the last,  
Whose woes all common sorrow over-run!

### JUBILATE!

Arisen! Madonna and the Magdalene,  
With the swift sense of women, lift their eyes  
In rapture to the tender April skies;  
But she of Bethany withdraws unseen  
Within retreat of her still home, serene;  
While each and all sob out their soft, low cries  
Of trancèd wonder and o'erwhelmed surprise.



## PRESENTATION OF LOVING CUP

From Class of 1906 to Class of 1907

BY MISS ELIZA OBEAR.

Blest be this cup, which holds  
Wine of communion cheer,  
Not the elixir of the gods  
Nor nectar of Cashmere,

But the draught that clears the brain  
And sets the pulse-beat higher  
With hope and love and sympathy  
But not unwise desire.

Silver and lined with gold,  
'Tis chaste but not severe,  
The only jewel that it bears,  
The diamond of a tear.

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## A SONNET ON SONNETS

What graceful draperies of dainty thought!  
Tho' lines run smooth as satin from the loom  
The verse is fluffy as a shaken plume!  
Italian sunshine in their measure caught,  
With quaintest patterns their construction fraught;  
For meretricious sentiment no room,  
Sincere as mourners round Christ's open tomb  
Who love's evangels with their spikenard brought.  
A flower, a bird, a jewel all in one!



As bloom to invalid or gem to bride  
Or song to happiest child beneath the sun,  
So sonnets are to tired hearts and tried,  
Who *hate* the nagging work that's never done  
But *love* the visions that cannot abide!

---

TO R. N. W.

(Class of 1898)

FOR VIOLETS.

Violets, violets!  
Purple of hue:  
Ten times more fragrant  
Coming from *you*!

Violets, violets,  
Grown from *heart*-blood  
When given to mourner  
Now *grief* is at flood!

Violets, violets,  
*Dearer* than gems  
So crowning my sorrow  
With *flower* diadems.

Violets, violets,  
Blessèd from *you*  
Dear "98-er"  
Tender and true!

Violets, violets  
Kissed by the sun  
They whisper me darling  
*My* summer is done!

Violets, violets,  
Sparkled with tears,  
But tears that are sacred  
At *seventy-two* years!

---

TO J. W. B.

(Class of 1898)

FOR ROSES.

These roses from *Jane*?  
"Love's *not* on the wane!  
Its glory or pain,"  
Say, roses from Jane.

Such roses from Jane  
Delicious as rain  
On tropic-hot plain  
*Melt* into my brain.

These roses apart  
From wealth of flower mart  
Bloom into my *heart*  
And make the tears start!



While roses from Jane  
Beguile me again  
(Not *ever* in vain)  
To girl-Lover's Lane.

These roses in bloom  
Dispelling the gloom  
Of lonestomest room  
Seem fresh on the tomb

Of her I loved best  
By ultimate test  
Of friendship's fine quest  
My "Star in the West!"

So, roses, dear friend,  
You tenderly send  
Breathe love to the end  
When angels descend

To open *my* grave  
Neath blue architrave,  
*There* Heaven *may* save  
This hurt to a Brave!

TO M. E. H.

FOR LILIES ON MY BIRTHDAY.

January 21st, 1880.

Lilies of the Valley  
On a stormy night!  
Into velvet darkness  
What a toss of white!

Lilies of the Valley  
On my *birthday* night  
Turned a lurking sadness  
Into strange delight!

Lilies of the Valley  
Traveling thro' the cold  
To set cups of incense  
Round my growing old!

Lilies of the Valley  
From an absent friend  
To their perfume—poem  
Swift reply I send.

For no single action  
Like a graceful gift  
Doth from spirit landscape  
Hazes lift!



Pansies may be richer,  
Roses—Queens of fire,  
Lilies of the Valley  
*Purify* desire!

For these Valley Lilies  
I can thank you more  
Than for crown or kingdom  
Now I'm fifty-four!

Youth still hangs above you  
Fair and *crescent* moon,  
Would the *full* might tarry  
Rounding out too soon!

But, my dear, remember,  
Life is but a dream!  
Its most dazzling glories  
"Are *not* what they *seem*!"

For your Valley Lilies  
I send wishes white  
Immortelles may crown you  
On Heaven's *Mount* of Light!

TO M. U. F.  
(Class of 1897)  
FOR SPRING BEAUTIES.

A flower, dear Maggie, is Love's caress  
Worth more than a kiss I *half* confess,  
Because it comes as such glad surprise  
It matches a tear in the dimming eyes

Of her who stands at the Border Line  
Of a shore unmapped by chart or sign;  
Except the vision on Patmos Isle  
By loved disciple who dwelt meanwhile

In city of light that "foursquare" lies  
(Beyond the focus of human eyes)  
With walls of jasper and streets of gold,  
A fair *dream* city that ne'er grows *old*!

But your blooms beloved, so hold me fast  
To vanished shore of my fading past,  
That which is which I can hardly tell,  
Or which casts round me the finer spell.

The Kingdom gone or the "Kingdom come"  
To stand between, now smites me dumb;  
But your fragrance sent of the coming spring  
When choirs of robins are on the wing.

Is breath of God which makes *either* shore  
A "Holy of Holies" forevermore?  
And the tides between a silver sea  
Baptizing Time and Eternity!



TO W. B.

(Class of 1907)

I might have been fairy in mid-summer bowers  
You've spoken so often in "language of flowers"—  
Carnations like rubies, vale-lilies like pearls,  
I might have been daughter of ancestral earls.

Thought-breath in those blossoms was more than perfume;  
Such ozone of incense can never consume,  
Your loving so loyal thro' distance and years,  
I'll sparkle those clusters with dew-drops of tears.

For such may be joyous, and spill from the eyes,  
When sweet as hive-honey is gladsome surprise,—  
That from the Pacific, forget-me-nots blown  
Are sacred as lotus engraven on stone.

For tho' it be grander Atlantic's bleak shore  
Its tides rarely whisper such soft "con amore"  
As travels the prairie from girls I loved best  
Now grown into women who "mother" the West.

TO E. P. H.

I.

Birthday, May 19, 1891.

An eagle for Elizabeth,  
I wish it were a million;  
Good wishes for Elizabeth,  
I would they were a trillion!  
Were I this day a billionaire  
I'd make Elizabeth mine heir  
For her good sense in being born  
Years twenty-six, this very morn.

---

II.

To E. P. H., May 19, 1906.

*Yes!* I'm *glad* that you were born  
On a bright auspicious morn  
*One* and *forty* (?) years ago  
(Which I guess, but do not know),  
Since that beautiful birthday  
You are very "Queen of May"  
To your aunt of "make believe,"  
Whom 'tis easy to deceive  
Into thinking since your youth  
You've *belonged* in very truth  
(Which perhaps you do not see)  
To your ever fond

AUNT GEE!



TO L. L. H.

November 8, 1897

*Can* I forget  
A jewel set  
In my dull life of grey?

*Can* I forget  
That roses yet  
Deck a November day?

Can I forget  
The gracious debt  
Of kindness all the way?

*When* I forget  
November pet  
There'll be no more to say.

I *don't* forget  
The grace I've met  
Thro' all the passing years.  
I'll *not* forget  
Love's alphabet  
'Tis all that holds back tears!

November eight!  
A royal date,  
For on that morn  
A babe was born  
With eyes as blue  
As azure hue  
Of sky or sea  
In Italy!  
With heart of gold  
Its wealth untold

For love is *all*  
On earthly ball!  
A babe no more  
She's now a score,  
And how much past  
I've never asked;  
I only know  
As years swift go  
She dearer grows  
With every pose  
Of womanhood;  
Not understood  
As was the maid  
When sunshine played  
Across her face  
In *every* place.  
Now thought shuts down  
And sometimes frown  
Sends back the smile  
That did beguile,  
But she's the same  
With soul of flame;  
As pure and sweet  
As doves are fleet  
Thro' summer skies  
When "carrier" flies  
With some love note  
About its throat!  
You'll always be  
A dove to me,  
Your own Aunt Gee.



TO GRAVES OF H. N. H. and E. P. H.

July 23, 1908, Waldoboro, Maine.

Do you *see* us, dearies,  
With our flowers and tears  
Christening the silence  
Of this Niobe of years?

Do you *feel* us, dearies,  
Hov'ring o'er your dust?  
Hearts *entirely* broken  
But for blessed trust

That the heavenly rapture  
Folds you all about  
In those cloud-capped mansions  
While we stand without;

But beside the headstone  
Graven with each name  
We were wont to call you—  
Tho' 'tis not the same,

For you do not answer  
To storm-shaken tones;  
Do you listen, dearies,  
*Under* score of moans

As we leave you, dearies,  
To unbroken sleep  
In the graves we treasure  
And the angels keep.

Do you whisper, dearies,  
We must patient wait  
Till those angels beckon  
Thro' the golden gate?

'Tis the old, old story,  
Love, and loss and grief,  
Which finds no mitigation  
In tonic of relief.

So blame us not, <sup>dear</sup> beloved,  
That our bleeding wounds *are* sore,  
And we shall always miss you  
Never *less* but *more*!

*We* dwell in lowly valley,  
*You* walk upon the heights;  
We bow beneath the shadows,  
You touch those star-sown lights.

But we scatter blossoms  
All about your heads,  
Making royal couches  
Of those level beds.

Do you see us, dearies?  
Do you feel our tears  
Christening the silence  
Of this Niobe of years?



### TO CLASS OF 1887

For Diamond on My Birthday

Your gem deserves a poem!  
But only a poet fine  
Can spill her words like brilliants  
Into a flashing line!

Your gem deserves an anthem;  
But only a singer sweet  
Can fling her notes like jewels  
At St. Cecilia's feet!

Your gem deserves a picture,  
But never let painter dare  
Suppose she mixes colors  
That play in a diamond rare.

\* \* \* \* \*

Neither poet, nor painter, nor singer I be,  
But only inconsequent, commonplace me,  
"Ungrammatical me," I know it is said,  
(I pray you to never grammarians wed!)

But how can I make you a fitting return?  
When my little rush light is all I can burn!  
The stone which you've cast with such generous toss  
I fear you must charge it to "profit and loss!"

\* \* \* \* \*

Your gem deserves a heart throb  
And that I have to give  
I'll wear your dazzling button  
As long as I do live,

And hide it 'neath my bushel  
Of preposterous double chin  
As safe as the Tower of London  
That shuts crown jewels in.

Your gem demands a thank you  
Which meaneth so much more,  
A gracious obligation  
To girls I loved before.

---

### A MOTHER'S REVERIE

Baby's Husband

TO A. C. T.

Yes, he's coming right along,  
He'll be masterful and strong;  
(Baby was but three years old,  
With her hair of curly gold!)

When she marries I shall go,  
The boys will then be grown, you know!  
(Baby couldn't toddle quite,  
Out of that fond Mother's sight!)



When her husband's business calls,  
I shall go whate'er befalls;  
(Baby couldn't sound her "K's,"  
Hadn't lost her baby ways!)

You, my only little girl  
That would make my senses whirl!  
(Baby wasn't out of arms  
Or the reach of child alarms.)

Oh, the strength of Mother love,  
Brooding like celestial dove,  
O'er the only little girl,  
Of her flock the single pearl.

Boys and husband in that thought,  
For a moment lost—forgot;  
Nor was Mother eve to blame  
That it leaped forth like a flame—

Toward the future of that one,  
More to her than any son;  
By the rift so sad and wide,  
Babe will leave when made a bride.

Stab 'twill be of Mother self  
When she loses baby elf;  
When her girl with baby tone  
Has become a woman grown.

Mothers may be proud of sons,  
Following them with orisons;  
But their heart ache—is for girls,  
Even though they marry earls.

## Nocturne

Farewell to laughter, love and song;  
To all the charm this life along;  
The way grows dim, the shadows fall,  
Then casket—and a funeral pall.

## Matin

New joy? new love? translated song!  
When faith is weak let hope be strong—  
Not evening but the morning star!  
A harp—and heavenly gates ajar!

## Nocturne

### FAREWELL

When gathering darkness  
As from the wings of night  
Is pressing the eyelids downward  
(For tears have blinded sight)

## Matin

### ALL HAIL

When gathering brightness  
As from the wings of morn  
Is lifting those eyelids upward  
To where new sight is born.







